

MAP.

ISSUED BY G.C.R.R.
ACCORDING TO
LATEST SURVEYS.

"CITY OF GOD"
GRAND
CENTRAL DEPOT.

"A WALL OR
VALLEY OF THE
EAT AND HIGH
SHADOW OF DEATH

PASSENGERS
ENTER THE CITY
BY OMNIBUS

R.R.

SORE
SAFETY
PLAINES OF
CELESTIAL SPRINGS
EVIL SOLICITATION
LOOKOUT
MOUNTAIN
ANGEL OF LIGHT
REALM
TEMPTATION
TUNNEL
SUSPENSION
BRIDGE
PENTECOST
PERSECUTION
REGION
PEACE STATION

TRIBULATION
GORGE
COVETOUS
MOUNTAINS
SINFUL PLEASURE
HEIGHTS
LUKEWARM PLAINS
COMPROMISE
ROUTE

EVOLUTION LINE - UNKNOWN - UNFINISHED.
THE GREAT UNKNOWN - LINE TO

CALVARY

SINAI

CELESTIAL DEPOT
VALLEY OF HUMILIATION

PROTOPLASM

CITY OF SIN.

COMPROMISE
DEPOT
SELF EXALTATION
HEIGHTS

UNIVERSAL SALVATION ROUTE
CONFESSIONAL TOWN
VIRGIN MARYS DEPOT
PENANCE CITY
BEADVILLE
GENEEL ROUTE
DANCERS CORNERS
CHURCH LOTTERY
VILLE
BILLIARDSVILLE
GAMBLERSTOWN
DRUNKARD'S CURVE
TAPERVILLE
POVERTY CITY
EXTREME DEPOT

NOVELREADERSVILLE
D.R.R. DEPOT
CHURCH FAIR
GILDED SIN
PAVILION

DESTRUCTION R.R.: MAIN LINE
ENGINES RUNNING AT EXTREME
PRESSURE - NIGHT & DAY

DRUNKARDS-PASS
SUICIDE GAP
MURDERTOWN

GALLOWSVILLE
ROAD OUT OF
PURGATORY
UNFINISHED.

DELIRIUM TON

LUKEWARM PLAINS
COMPROMISE
ROUTE

MODERATE DRINKERS ROUTE
CLUBHOUSE
CIDERVILLE
SAMPLE ROOM

PROPOSED
ROUTE

BEER TOWN

THE
GREAT CELESTIAL RAILROAD
FROM THE
CITY OF SIN TO THE CITY OF GOD:
THE ONLY DIRECT AND THROUGH LINE:
WITH A DESCRIPTION OF THE
CARS, PERSONS, PLACES AND SCENES ON THE ROUTE,
FROM NOTES TAKEN ON THE WAY;
CONTAINING ALSO A
BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF OPPOSITION ROADS

AN ALLEGORY,
BY REV. OLIN MARVIN OWEN,

AUTHOR OF "INGERSOLL ANSWERED FROM THE BIBLE," &c.

"The chariot shall rage in the streets; they shall jostle one against another in the broad ways; they shall seem like torches, they shall run like the lightnings."—NAHUM ii. 4.

UTICA, N. Y.

T. J. GRIFFITHS, PRINTER, 131 GENESEE ST.

1889.





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I N T R O D U C T I O N .

This is an age of rapid transit. The railroad, steam-boat, telegraph, telephone, phonograph, &c., are peculiarities of our day. Even these do not seem to meet the demand of the times. No sooner is a railroad finished to a distant point, than some other Company endeavors to reach it by a shorter and quicker route. No device is spared to gain a little time in temporal affairs. Were men as eager to economize the moments in making preparation for eternity, the world would soon be converted. The Saviour used striking analogies to illustrate truth. He drew lessons from the air, the earth, the sea, the sky, and from the vocations of men. Had there been a railroad from Jerusalem to Jericho, He who spake of the barren fig-tree, the mustard-seed, the ten virgins, and the leaven, would certainly have used the iron horse, thundering along his track, to convey some important lesson to man. It is not disparaging to the great system of gospel truth to illustrate it by anything legitimate in art, in science, or in nature. The devil seizes any device which will arrest attention, and lure men into vice. The theatre, the dance, the sample room, the beer garden, the den of prostitution, the bad book; in short, all the gates of hell are at first opened with glittering surroundings. The enemy of souls makes brimstone shine and damnation sparkle, and pictures the way to hell as a path of ease and glory. Shall the children of this world be wiser than the children of

light? (Luke xvi. 8.) May not truth be presented in some novel and yet legitimate manner, in order to arrest the attention of the people? or must religious teachers continue in the same beaten course, never changing, like the fowls of the air, which build their nests as their ancestors did a thousand years ago? Shall the world, the flesh and the devil be on time, and the Christian be too late?—the former in advance, and the latter in the rear?

We expect this volume will be both blessed and cursed; but reader, whether you approve or disapprove, see to it that you “give diligence to make your calling and election sure.”

This is an age of story reading. More serials are printed to-day than in any previous period of the world’s history; some of them are good—the mass of them terribly destructive to body and soul. Many of them give false representations of human life, and paint vice in gilded colors. We have endeavored in this work to give an allegorical illustration of things as they really exist, in both temporal and spiritual matters. To arrest attention, to persuade men to stop and think, to shed a little light on man’s pathway, this volume is sent out with the earnest prayer that God may make it a blessing to all who peruse its pages.

OLIN MARVIN OWEN.

UTICA, 1889

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THE GREAT CELESTIAL RAILROAD.

I.

CITY OF SIN.

It was summer; not a cloud was visible in the heavens, as the sun rolled majestically towards the western horizon. The world appeared as beautiful as any world could under the curse of sin. All nature had formerly reflected the glories of heaven. The sun had once shone upon an earth undefiled by the hand of the destroyer, and upon man pure in Eden. Now he shone upon a race with "hearts deceitful above all things." Man, in the first paradise, occupied a great moral elevation, where he inhaled the heavenly breezes. God visited this hallowed place; there his voice was heard; there bloomed the tree of life; there unsullied purity reigned. The uncursed earth was undoubtedly more beautiful than at present; but paradise must have been still more attractive. It bore the same relation to the rest of nature that the holy of holies did to the other portions of Solomon's temple. The whole temple was holy, but it had its *sanctum sanctorum*. Earth, with its paradise, was second only to that city "which has twelve gates of pearls, and a wall great and high." (Rev. xxi. 12.) A stranger came to this new world; he was an intruder, a foreigner; his name Sin, and he brought

with him the elements of hell. The opening of the city gates to him was the signal for its overthrow. He came freighted with poison, and man fell from the turrets of paradisial towers into the deep caverns of human depravity; from the pure atmosphere of heaven into the poisonous and offensive atmosphere of hell. If a man falls from a high building, his bones are broken and his body badly mangled. Man by his transgression fell so far that it jarred the image of God from his nature, and left him full of "wounds and bruises and putrefying sores." How great the fall! How far down? Not until we have measured the distance from the twelve gates of pearl down to the iron gates of hell can we tell how far man has fallen away from his God; down below the reach of angels and men, below every arm save that of omnipotence. When man fell, creation felt the shock, and much of the former glory and grandeur of the city departed. As Pompeii and Herculaneum were buried beneath the ashes of Vesuvius, so this city came near being entombed by its guilt. But even amid the ruins, there are traces of its former glory. God loved the world, though but a wreck of its previous greatness. Passing through the ruins of an ancient city one sees nothing but crumbling walls and desolate palaces. He does not find anything upon which to rivet his affections. It is the wonder of all ages what God could discover in fallen man to love; but in his word we read, "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John iii. 16.) The mother loves her child, though it be in the tiger's claws, and God loves the race though under

the power and dominion of sin. Man, though fallen, is a man still. The hunter may wound the eagle in its upward flight, but the eagle though wounded and bleeding, is still an eagle. Man, though "full of wounds and bruises," is yet a man. God loved him and desired his salvation. He sent his Son into the world. Many rejected him; others accepted him as the great deliverer from sin.

Along one of the broad avenues of this large city Transgressor was leisurely moving, admiring the lawns, fine residences and sparkling fountains. If the natural world under the curse appears so beautiful to eyes dimmed by sin, how grand must it have been for perfect natural vision to view the uncursed universe, when everything bore the impress of God's holiness. One might read in the countenance of this man that his spirit was troubled. Shall we print his thoughts?

"Would that somewhere in this great city could be found that which will afford me complete rest and satisfaction. I have earthly treasures, am prospered in business, own one of the largest mercantile houses; I have a fine family, and yet my soul is dissatisfied. I have found some happiness in sinful pleasure, but have never yet discovered that for which my inward nature yearns, complete soul rest. And then there is to be an end of all these visible things. I shall go hence in a few years, and whither am I going? What?"—

Just then his meditations were interrupted by the sight of some large posters—"Another theatre I suppose. I have attended them for years, and with all their glitter they do not bring the peace for which my spirit yearns. I smile at the jokes,

listen to the music, and there is a momentary gratification ; but as soon as the curtain drops, the unrest of spirit returns. Is there not something somewhere in this vast city that can give ease to a troubled heart ; some fountain from which one can drink and be fully satisfied ?" The plant of soul rest had once grown in this world, but Sin had uprooted it, and now it was of foreign growth, a native of heaven. The ground had now become the natural mother of the weeds, and step-mother of the flowers. True happiness was not to be found in the whirl of the dance, in the art gallery or palace hall. The marble front, with all its embellishments could not furnish it. The wealthy might decorate their tables with the choicest ware, lade them with the richest viands, but there was one dish riches could not provide. Transgressor realized this as that good old verse learned at his mother's knee was running through his mind :

"Oh, where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul ?
'T were vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole."

In this city had lived Solomon, the richest and wisest of men ; so great his wealth that when the Queen of Sheba returned from Jerusalem she exclaimed to her subjects, "Behold the half was not told me." Did Solomon's wealth satisfy him ? Go ask his opinion of the great city of Sin, and he exclaims :

"VANITY OF VANITIES, ALL IS VANITY."

Here men had clambered up the pinnacles of fame in search of complete happiness, only to meet with bitter disappointment. Here they had grasped

the bubbles of honor only to see them burst instantly.

Fame's peak is a cold, a dreary place,
Without the aid of omnipotent grace;
Those who have scaled this rough and ragged mountain
Tell us fame is but an empty fountain;
Confirming the truth of that Book divine,
Earth's brightest honors for the moment shine;
Have we found all mountains which on earth stand,
Save Calvary, in old Judea's land?
Have we visited all climes, both hot and cold,
Seen the wonders of earth and pyramids old,
But found not that flower of unfading bloom
That budded and blossomed from Joseph's tomb,
We may have gathered some gems, not the best,
For we have not the pearl of perfect rest.

The summits of worldly honor, like the high mountains of earth are covered with perpetual ice and snow. Here had lived Crœsus, the Cæsars, the Rothschilds, the Astors, the Vanderbilts, rolling in wealth, their riches never quenching their soul thirst. Here William B. Astor sat in his office a few days before his death, grieving because of a decline in rents. Here Vanderbilt, the railroad king, amassed his millions, but did this vast sum bring peace to his spirit in his last hours? Nay; around his dying bed his nurse sang at his request,

“Come ye sinners, poor and needy;”

and this man of wealth, just stepping into Jordan, would repeat the words “poor and needy.” Stocks and bonds, gold and silver, cannot bring ease and comfort to the dying; but,

“Jesus can make the dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are.”

Oh, the poverty of riches! Oh, the poverty of the vast city of Sin, with all its resources, its worldly honor, and wealth! How unutterably poor! Could a man receive a warranty deed of the earth, yet without Jesus he would be dissatisfied and desire a deed of another world. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

The thrones of earth cannot bring soul rest. Visit Charles V., Emperor of Spain, who had become tired of the burden of government, and weary with the dissipations of court life. He abdicated the throne, renounced worldly glory, retired to a monastery, and endeavored by reading and prayer to prepare for death. He busied himself by working in the garden and making clocks; had his own funeral celebrated before his death, that he might be better prepared for its coming. O! the emptiness of earthly glory and honor. Visit President Jackson, who is nearing the close of his second term. A man calls; the President does not appear at once; at last he comes in great haste, saying, "People envy me because I occupy this position, but I tell you, at the end of the second term I am glad to get out of it, for it is a perfect hell."

Rossini, the great actor, after he had played "William Tell" five hundred times, was by his admirers serenaded, and given a crown of laurels. In the midst of this ovation he said to a friend, "I would give all this brilliant scene for one hour of living joy and comfort." Contrast this with the testimony of Isaac Watts, sick and persecuted as he is. Ask him what is his spiritual condition, and taking up his pen he writes his experience thus:

“The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields
Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry,
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.”

Who would not prefer Watts' position with Jesus to Rossini's without him?

Hear the Psalmist exclaim, “Great peace have they which love thy law, and nothing shall offend them.” (Ps. cxix. 165.) Again he says, “They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house, and thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures.” (Ps. xxxvi. 8.) Where shall true happiness be found if not in the gospel of Christ?

“*The depth saith, It is not in me: and the sea saith, It is not with me. It cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof.*” (Job xxviii. 14, 15.)

II.

THE TWO GREAT ROUTES.

Approaching the posters, Transgressor discovered that they were different from anything he had ever seen. At first he thought they were simply theatrical bills, but these thoughts quickly vanished as he began to read:

GREAT CELESTIAL RAILROAD FROM EARTH TO HEAVEN ! SCENERY UNEQUALLED !

Via Mt. Sinai, Mt. Calvary, Safety Tunnel, Celestial Springs, Pentecost, Suspension Bridge, Niagara of Free Grace, Lookout Mountain &c., &c.

Through the "Valley of the Shadow of Death," and over Jordan
BY DAYLIGHT !

To the GRAND CENTRAL STATION in the CITY OF GOD,
WITHOUT CHANGE OF CARS.

 THE ONLY THROUGH LINE. ALL COACHES FIRST CLASS, PALACE. NO ACCIDENTS, BLOCKADES, COLLISIONS OR DELAYS.

CONDENSED TIME TABLE.

"Behold now is the accepted time; behold now is the day of salvation." (2 Cor. vi. 2.)

EXPRESS TRAIN STARTS IMMEDIATELY from the Depot, on corner of Faith and Penitent Avenues.

FARE.—THY SINS. *No Free Passes.* All trains will reach the City of God in time for the "Marriage Supper of the Lamb."

"He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved."—BIBLE.

N. B.—No "ballast" or "construction" trains on this line, as the road-bed and track are perfect. None but the best FREE GRACE EXTENSION RAIL used. Perfect soul rest guaranteed to all travelers. No danger from hot journals, boiler explosions, or careless employees. An omniscient eye constantly guards the entire route. "He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep." (Ps. cxxi. 4.)

“Perfect soul rest! I would give my beautiful residence on Pleasure Avenue could I obtain this blessing.” Transgressor felt as did one Congressman, an infidel, who said he would crawl on his hands and knees to the Hudson river, about one hundred and fifty miles distant, could he find perfect peace.

No individual can disregard God’s claims, and enjoy true peace of mind. Transgressor’s name and moral condition harmonized. This word is from two Latin words, *trans*, across, and *gradi*, to walk. Hence, a transgressor is one who walks across or over something. A transgressor of the civil law is one who walks over it. A transgressor of God’s law, is one who tramples it under his feet.

“Perfect rest!” thought Transgressor, “how can I hope for it? A sense of insecurity is one of the greatest enemies to my happiness. Did I really believe what this Line promises, I would start at once.”

True Christian experience brings a feeling of safety, which the man of the world has not.

“Lord, how secure and blest are they
Who feel the joys of pardoned sin;
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heaven and peace within.”

“Penitent Avenue? I have never been there, but when a child I used to hear the minister speak of that station. But what is this?”—and he read an unvarnished description of the Route to Destruction, which had been posted by some Christian workers to arouse the people. Had the enemy of all righteousness written this notice, he would have pictured the road to hell as one of glory.

DESTRUCTION LINE!

FAST ROUTE TO RUIN!!

Down Grade, Broad Gauge, Quick Time, No Brakes.

TERRIFIC SCENERY!

Via Dime Noveltown, Gilded Sin Pavilion, Theatre Goers' Palace, Moderate Drinker's Avenue, Dancing Plateau, Smokers' Furnace, Brothelton, Drunkard's Pass, &c.

 Specials from Self-Destruction Precipice. Lightning Express from Suicide Gorge. All trains pass through Dismal Swamp, reaching THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH

AT MIDNIGHT!

Plunging the passengers into Eternal Darkness. The only telegram ever coming back over this line is this single word, "LOST."

MAIN DEPOT—Corner of Unbelief and Disobedience Avenues.

 EXTRA TRAINS ON SUNDAY!

This route connects at Libertine Landing with all night-boats to Perdition.

FARE.....THY SOUL.

"He that believeth not shall be damned."—*Bible.*

PRINCE OF DARKNESS, G. P. A.

"Here, then," mused Transgressor, "are two ways out of the city—two great destinies then are before every man—one of light or one of darkness—one of glorious emancipation, or one of dreadful bondage. Which shall I take? It is in my power to place a crown on my head and a harp in my hand. I am a citizen of this city, with a wicked heart. How came I with such an evil nature is not the most important question; but how can I have that nature changed. How can I escape the wrath to come, and reach heaven."

While he was musing, Impetuosity came up in a great rush, glanced at the bills, and hurried off to the Celestial Station. Transgressor was more deliberate. He would consider the matter well before leaving. He wended his way slowly homeward.

He reached home just as the golden king was sinking behind the western hills. It was the death-bed of a day. How beautiful as the sun paints the western horizon with colors such as no human artist can equal. Silently and majestically he sinks behind the silver-tipped hills, pouring his last lingering rays through the leaves of the mountain forest, kissing the ethereal blue of heaven. Now he is gone from sight, and still his brilliant beams stream up the sky like a vast midnight conflagration on some distant plain. Lower the flames are falling, fainter and fainter they become, until the shadows begin to steal over the earth, and the shining stars peep forth from behind their blue curtains. Farewell, orb of day; the weary world is retiring to rest. The little songster, worn with the day's frolic, sits quietly perched in the branches of the distant tree. The hum of the city has ceased, and everything seems to be going to rest

save the great deep of Transgressor's soul. His fine mansion, with its beautiful gardens and sparkling fountains, never appeared less attractive. He must soon leave all these earthly comforts. There was one carriage in which all must ride. He could not take his earthly home with him, and he had no assurance of a better one in the world to come. A mansion on earth, but none in heaven. The tea bell rang. He went to the table, but not to eat. He took up the evening paper, but scarcely knew what he read.

“What is the matter?” said a pleasant voice.

“O, nothing much.” The pride of his heart prevented his acknowledging, even to his companion, that he felt himself to be a sinner. He retired, hoping that “tired nature's sweet restorer” might bring quiet to his spirit; but night, wrapped in her sable robe, stole softly to his couch and whispered in his ear, “Eternity!” He awoke suddenly. “Oh!” thought he, “were it not for this dread of the hereafter, I could content myself to die as the beast; but this flashes before my vision, driving sleep from my eyes. Each hour seems an age. Bitter the thought of ‘being banished from the presence of God and the glory of his power.’” The shades of night once more conquered, and he closed his eyes only to be aroused again by a voice saying,

“My Spirit shall not always strive with man.”

He desired that this messenger should cease troubling him; yet he was not fully willing to have the gentle monitor take his departure. The greatest calamity that can befall any human being is to have God answer this dreadful prayer, “*Let me alone;*” for when once answered, the soul is

doomed. Transgressor mused, "I can repent now, and have an eternity of bliss; or take the world as my portion, and regret it in eternity. But how can I leave? What will people think of me if I take the Celestial Line? Perhaps the morning light will bring rest to an aching heart;" and his eyes closed again only to dream of red flags, broken bridges and terrible disasters. At last he dreamed the day of judgment had come. He saw the shining hosts at the right hand of God, and heard them singing, "Unto him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father, to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen." (Rev. i. 5.) At the left were the rejecters of Christ, who were moving with solemn tread towards the realm of darkness. Many happy beings had received their plaudit, "Well done." Transgressor shrank from going into the immediate presence of the Judge. He endeavored to secrete himself behind an humble saint, but was soon discovered; after which he tried to hide behind an angel. The Judge with his all-searching eye saw him, and calling his name, said, "How camest thou in hither not having a wedding garment?" (Matt. xxii. 12,) "and he was speechless." The Judge with solemn emphasis commenced to pronounce the sentence, "Bind him hand and foot, and take him away"— and Transgressor awoke suddenly. He paced the floor. His past life rolled before him, as he thought of the eternity beyond. He felt as did David when he exclaimed, "The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me." (Ps. cxvi. 3.) O, for more of these Scriptural awakenings. Transgressor went to the window and looked up to the

shining stars ; not one seemed to sparkle for him. God had been speaking to him in dreams and visions. It would sometimes seem as if the Holy Spirit could not arrest the attention of the sinner during his waking hours long enough to bring him to consider eternal things. In the morning Transgressor arose, but not refreshed ; his first mental inquiry was, " Is there not some other route to the Holy City, or does the Celestial Line monopolize all the travel to Heaven ? From most large cities there is more than one railroad to the same destination, and there must be some competing line whose regulations are not so strict, and over which can be taken some of the sinful pleasures of the world. Possibly the Celestial Route is the safest, but it is not very popular, in this city at least. The Directors of the Road are not very highly esteemed, and I am not yet quite willing to be counted as an humble follower of Christ." He did not yet realize that Jesus was " the name high over all." He had not fully comprehended the words of Paul, " Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name, that at the name of JESUS every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in the earth, and things under the earth." (Phil. ii. 9, 10.) Yea, the chief attraction of heaven does not consist in the evergreen mountains, the angels, nor the archangels, but Jesus is the grand central figure of all the glory land.

III.

THE REV. DR. QUIETUS.

On the way to his office that morning he met the pastor of Worldly-minded Church. " Good

morning, Doctor." "Good morning," said the Rev. Dr. Quietus.

Transgressor. I am very much perplexed. For several days I haye been thinking of the necessity of a preparation for the future world, and desire your opinion concerning the best route to the Holy City. Yesterday I saw flaming notices of two great thoroughfares; one, the Celestial Line to Heaven, the other the Destruction Road to Hell. On one of these routes I must go. If I reject the Celestial Line, it seems to me I am doomed and lost. Last night I could not sleep; a voice seemed to be speaking to me continually. I realize I am a sinner, and exposed to danger. I have slighted God's mercy for years, and yet I hesitate to take a position on the Lord's side. I can hardly endure the reproach of becoming an earnest Christian. It is too humiliating. You know I am highly esteemed in this city, having a large circle of friends, and doing an extensive business. I own a fine residence on one of the best avenues. My fellow citizens would deem it singular for me to become a devoted disciple of Jesus. Still I greatly desire to have this burden removed from my spirit. I do want to reach the Holy City; but is there not some easier route to that place?

"Certainly," replied the Doctor. "I have assisted a great many who were in your dilemma. Calm your fears, and I wil show you 'a more excellent way.' I am glad you are aroused to the necessity of reaching heaven and escaping hell, but it is not necessary to be quite so much alarmed, or to heed everything advocated by the Celestial Line—as you will see by this poster which we are approaching;" and he pointed to a large notice which *Transgressor* had not seen.

COMPROMISE ROUTE.

CITY OF SIN TO THE HOLY CITY,

*Via Lukewarm Plain, Sinful Pleasure Heights,
Covetous Mountain, Love of Ease Valley,
Carnal Delight Realm, &c., &c.*

THROUGH TICKETS,

ON WHICH PASSENGERS ARE ALLOWED TO STOP OVER AT
ANY STATION.

*Dancing, the Social Glass, and Gaming, not
Prohibited. The Company study only to please.*

All grades of cars run, viz : Palace, First, Second and Third Class, Emigrant, Freight, Construction Trains, &c. Palace Sleeping and Smoking Cars on all Fast Trains.

Accommodation Trains Every Hour.

F A R E .

This varies according to train, grade of car and seat occupied. Prices range from \$1.00 to \$10.000. Liberal discount to men of wealth and high position.

MAIN DEPOT—*At Self-Exaltation Square.*

 Excursion Trains at Reduced Rates during the Summer and Holiday Season.

A limited number of Passes issued annually to those who advertise us largely, or otherwise reciprocate the favor.

"There," exclaimed Transgressor, "I thought there must be some such route."

"Most assuredly," exclaimed the Doctor, "there is no necessity for so much apprehension of danger. In apostolic day's men believed no one could be a true disciple of Jesus without repentance and an unwavering faith in Christ, a faith which led them to obey him in all things. Indeed, until recently people have been taught that they must separate themselves from all sin in order to be true Christians. The ancient worthies deemed it important to pass through the 'strait gate.' This may have been necessary in that age, but 'old things are passed away.' Humanity now are more cultured and enlightened, and we may evade the 'strait gate' and the cross, and reach heaven with little opposition. This is a well established route, and eminently respectable. The old posters were nearly worn out, and it was decided at our last society meeting to place new ones throughout the city. The name of the road is the Compromise Line."

Transgressor. But why called thus?

Dr. Quietus. You have undoubtedly seen the word COMPROMISE painted in large letters on the side of freight cars. This indicates that the under-gearing is so made that it can be adjusted to any track. A car may start from New York and run to almost any depot in the nation by simply contracting or widening the gearing, adjusting it to a broad or narrow gauge track. This is a great advantage, and saves much time and labor in shifting freight. The Spiritual Compromise line is constructed on this principle. We widen or contract according as we are to please conservatives or radicals; thus you see we are able to run our

cars on any track, with the expectation of reaching heaven, excepting, perhaps, the Celestial Line, and our passengers have no desire to go over that road.

Transgressor. But why are your cars excluded from their track?

Dr. Quietus. Hundreds of years ago this Company obtained the exclusive control of the route. In order to do this they were obliged to bind themselves not to allow sin upon it. Hence it is written in their By-Laws, "The unclean shall not pass over it." (Isa. xxxv. 8.) They use but one grade of cars. On our line we have different grades—palace, first and second class, accommodation and emigrant cars. We thus enable the high-headed to ride entirely separate from the common people. We also have Construction and ballast trains continually in readiness, in case of accidents. The President of the Celestial Road is no respecter of persons. Those who go that way believe in one God, and one mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus, and that all must be saved through Christ, or not saved at all. They insist upon repentance, restitution, and an unwavering faith in the Directors of the road. You perceive it must be a very rough and dismal route. The Company are very strict, and the passengers are obliged to forsake all their sins. They cannot take even their little sins, as there are no baggage cars on the road. Our line has them attached to every train.

Transgressor. But does not the Bible teach separation from sin, the necessity of the new birth, and the doctrine of personal holiness?

Dr. Quietus. The Bible mentions these merely as incidentals; but such requisites are not abso-

lutely necessary ; indeed, who believes a man must dedicate all to God in order to reach heaven ? These sentiments were uttered thousands of years ago. If the Lord should give us a new revelation, it would be a modified one, one that is in harmony with the progressive spirit of the age.

Transgressor. It seems a little strange, Doctor, that these things should be left in the Bible, if they are not to be heeded. Why does not the Lord strike them out ? It hardly seems probable that God would leave such a written revelation for man to read, and then intend that he should obey some revelation not written.

Dr. Quietus. (After a moment.) But the Celestial Road is not up to the times. These old teachings are the fossils of former ages. Man had not then reached that stage of development which he has since attained. He does not now require so much plain teaching. The Directors of the Compromise Road accept the Bible as a foundation, just as a city has its Charter, By-Laws, and Ordinances, for its government, and yet many of the details are a dead letter. The people do not expect to live up to all of them, and no one is arrested for their violation ; for instance, the laws relating to Sunday observance, the use of profane language, or the building of fires in the streets after dark. These small items are disregarded in municipal affairs, even by those who consider themselves good citizens. The Directors of the Compromise Road accept the Bible as a basis of truth, but expect some of the details will be considered a dead letter. Indeed, how could there be any liberty for a man without transgressing some of the commandments found in the Bible ? While we do not accept the doctrine of free

thought, as generally understood, we studiously avoid that which will give offense, and endeavor in all things to please the people.

Transgressor. But have you been over this road, so you know that it runs clear through into the Holy City?

Dr. Quietus. W-e-l-l, no ; I have rode up as far as Change of Purpose Plain, Baptismal Font and Ordination Heights. But I have been assured by those older and more experienced than myself, and even by our esteemed bishop, that this line extends clear through, and is quite as safe as any route. Indeed, some consider it safer, as there is no danger of running into the Gulf of Fanaticism or Chasm of Insanity. Rumor says the excitement of riding on the Celestial Line is so great that it occasionally unbalances the intellect. Having never rode upon it, I do not speak from experience.

Transgressor thought it a little strange that a Doctor of Divinity had never known Christ as a personal Saviour. At length he said, "I place very little reliance upon what rumor says ; if there be such a thing as 'true holiness,' I cannot believe it operates in this manner. My Christian mother used to say that people would embrace a part of Bible truth mixed up with some error, and then their hobby would run away with them ; infidelity would charge their wreck upon the Christian religion. She said it was possible for people on the way to heaven, through overwork or great trouble, to break down their constitutions and become insane ; but that the real grace of God never unbalanced the human mind. She had much trouble, passed through many years of affliction, and I have often heard her say in my boyhood days, that

but for her trust in Christ, and the support of the everlasting arms, she would have gone down in middle life. She said, when people became fanatics it was because they had switched off from the main line. The statistics of the asylums trace most of the insanity to its legitimate source, sin. It seems to me that insanity is one of the effects of the fall, and cannot in any way be charged to the remedial scheme of human redemption. I am an unconverted man in search of light, but cannot believe that 'pure religion,' if there be such a thing, crazes the intellect."

Dr. Quietus. But the Celestial Road is not as accommodating as we are. On our line you can contract the gearing on Saturday night, run at lightning speed all day Sunday towards heaven, and on Monday morning widen the gearing, attending the theatre Monday evening, and all other places of amusement during the week. During Lent you may contract and be very religious, neither dance, play cards, attend shows, nor wear jewelry; but after Easter you can widen out, and go on as before. You may count beads, say prayers and go to mass early Sunday morning, and spend the rest of the day in carousing. In short, on our road you can do as you please, that is so far as is consistent with decency. We have also strong baggage cars, while the Celestial Line has thrown them all off, insisting that all baggage must be left in the city of Sin.

Transgressor. But did I not notice on the bill something in reference to smoking cars?

"Yes," said the Doctor, as he took out and lighted his cigar, "but they are entirely separate from the other coaches, so as not to annoy those who do not smoke. We have also 'light wines'

‘for the stomach’s sake,’ ” he continued, with an air which seemed to say, I am no bigot. “And further, our Company issue ‘stop over tickets,’ enabling one to pause at Sinful Pleasure Heights, and all other points of interest on the route. The Celestial Road do not allow this; indeed, their rules are so strict as to exclude many who would otherwise go with them.”

IV.

THE STRANGER’S EXHORTATION.

Just then a stranger approached and joined in the conversation. Dr. Quietus recognized him, though Transgressor did not. The stranger entered the discussion with such earnestness as to draw together a throng; and there in front of the large Compromise poster the agent of the Celestial Line was advocating its merits to the disadvantage of all competing routes. He preached a Jesus “mighty to save.” He spoke of one who could so regenerate and sanctify the moral nature of man that he would have no desire to travel by any other than the Celestial Line. Dr. Quietus remains silent. “We have no changeable gearing,” said the Celestial Railroad agent, “since we read in the Old Testament, ‘I am the Lord, I change not’ (Mal. iii. 5), and in the New, ‘Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day and forever.’ (Heb. xiii. 8.) We dare not take from or add to the word of the Lord, for we read fearful denunciations against this class. (Rev. xxii. 19.) We recognize no denominational line as such. While denominations are the legitimate result of honest differences of opinion, yet Christianity is one. We deem the holy catholic church to be of greater im-

portance than mere sectarianism. We countenance no Presbyterian, Baptist, or Methodist road ; it is the Celestial Salvation line. The various denominations have cars on this route, but not all who are members of these churches or who profess religion are on the way to the Holy City. It matters little by what name the flower be called, provided it is a flower, and not a thistle. All true believers are one, whatever the name by which they are known. In Noah's ark there were several different rooms, and yet but one ark ; so there may be different departments in the visible church, while there is but one true church. It is one thing to belong to the visible church merely, it is quite another to be a member of the church of the first born, whose names are written in heaven. I have joined the latter church, not on probation, as the Methodists say, but in full connection. The parable of the wise and foolish virgins teaches that not all who profess to be Christ's will be saved. ' Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven.' (Matt. vii. 21.) We exclude sin, as nothing unholy can enter the City of God. It is written in the Regulations, And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination or maketh a lie. (Rev. xxi. 27.) The very idea of Gospel Salvation implies that one is to be delivered from something. Salvation in sin is a contradiction. We might as consistently speak of holy devils. Were we to take on board one who refused to obey the regulations it would create confusion all along the line, and in a short time the whole City of Sin would be going up over this road in their sins, and

the Holy City would be transformed into pandemonium. When the Roman Emperor Pompey could not prevail upon an enemy to billet his army, he would persuade them to admit a few weak maimed soldiers, who soon recovering their strength would open the gates to the whole army. Were we to take on board the maimed soldiers, or the little sins, the whole road would soon be under the control of the devil. ‘Ye cannot serve God and Mammon,’ said he who spake as never man spake. Other lines may allow you to divide your time between God and the devil, but the Celestial Road demands all our time. We believe in abiding in Christ—not being in a state of grace one day and out of it the next. A little boy was observed to dance on one foot, holding the other in his hand, while his sister was playing the piano. When asked why he did not dance on both feet, he replied, pointing to the foot in his hand, This foot belongs to the church. So with multitudes of professed Christians who are trying to serve God and Mammon at the same time, which our Lord declared to be impossible. A merchant was waiting upon a very annoying customer, and finally gave vent to his feelings thus: ‘If I were not a Christian I would swear at you, but as I am I cannot. However, if you will step down stairs I will get my partner, who is not a Christian, to swear at you.’ The passengers on the Celestial Road have all disposition to swear removed. They do not refrain from it through fear of church discipline, but because God has removed the swear from their natures. Some roads require you to be very pious for forty days in the year. On our line Lent continues the year round. Our passengers have no desire for sinful pleasures. Neither do they

start on the journey as an experiment. None but through tickets are sold. On the Compromise Line free passes are issued to privileged characters. We make no variation in price, and the Directors are no respectors of persons. The Celestial Line is a very happy one, and not as Dr. Quietus has said, a very gloomy route. We have 'righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost,' and sometimes an extra thrown in, such as 'joy unspeakable and full of glory.' Our road study more to save than to please. In reference to the Compromise Line being the most refined, there can be no true refinement only where Jesus of Nazareth has trod, and where his gospel has been introduced. Greece and Rome tried civilization without the gospel, and failed. What are heathen nations prior to its introduction? The true gospel needs none of the paint of modern philosophy to embellish it; it requires no stay-lathing, and cannot be improved. It took centuries to complete this road, and the last rail was laid when Jesus cried on the cross, 'It is finished.' The first train under the new dispensation pulled out of the city with three thousand converts on board.

We use but one grade of cars, but they are of the first grade, built for the comfort and happiness of the passengers. We admit that it is a very old line. The difficulty with our Guide Book is not that it is so far behind the times. It is ahead of this age, and when all men reach that point when they can keep the Golden Rule and live up to the New Testament standard of piety, we shall have struck the millenial glory.

We have no smoking cars, as we find smoke enough in the world already. Our line is established to carry people up out of the fog and smoke

of the City of Sin. Many a dude, whose clothes fit as if he had been melted and poured into them, thinks he is smoking 'pure Havanas' when he is burning brown paper soaked in a decoction of tobacco. To carry the deception to the highest point of art, the paper is embossed and stamped over a roller with the exact impression in *fac simile* of the tobacco leaf. It is far more sensible to have praying cars than smoking cars. We believe in heeding the injunction in the Guide Book, 'Having therefore these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God.' (2 Cor. vii. 1.) Neither do we tolerate light wines. Our motto is, Total abstinence for the individual, moral suasion for the drunkard, and prohibition from shore to shore. Prohibition is strictly enforced all along our line. The majority of accidents which occur on opposition roads are the result of drunken employes. Other roads tolerate light wines, but they prove heavy enough to wreck the bodies and souls of men. Policy ministers advocate the moderate use of intoxicants. Liquor men publish and circulate these statements to further their own interests. We hate the moderate glass, as it is the cause of all immoderate glasses. It is the child when first born, and needs to be killed at once. Beastly drunkenness is no temptation to a sober man. The fiend comes first in the cut glass goblet, which appears to be tinted with the rosy tints of the morning, but is rather tinged with the fires of hell. Under the blazing chandelier, before the flashing mirror, with the blandishments of polite society thrown around the glass, it becomes a successful snare. There is the same difference between a moderate drinker and a drunk-

ard that there is between a pig and a hog. The one is, the other will be if he lives long enough; the one has just started, the other has got there. The very ones who start a man downward will spurn him from their presence after his appetite becomes uncontrollable. Opposition roads dub us 'narrow gauge,' and we are. We rejoice that the way to heaven is so narrow it will not admit of any sin, and yet it is so broad that all the world may enter it if they will. The gospel is so lowly that the vilest sinner can be saved by its power, and yet so elevated the tallest angel before the throne cannot reach it; so simple that the wayfaring men though fools need not err therein, and yet so complex that the wisest sage cannot solve its mysteries. It is a great salvation. The Celestial is the only absolutely safe route, the only line on which the track is never blockaded. We never stop for heavy storms, but put on steam and go ahead. Those who have written back corroborate the statement of the Company, that the road is perfectly safe, and the track very smooth—not that our passengers are without trials and temptations, but they have grace to endure them. Those who retain their tickets and obey the rules are sure to reach the City of God. The road-bed is solid, the track being laid on the Rock of Ages. There are no collisions, as the trains all move in the same direction. No construction or ballast cars are ever used. The Great King made the road perfect. In conclusion, we have the authority of the oldest and most reliable Guide-Book, the Bible, that the Compromise line is not a through route. (Dr. Quietus blushes.) It leaves its passengers just outside of the city, to be carried in by an omnibus, as will be seen by referring to the only au-

thentic map. This old chart the Directors of the Compromise road do not often exhibit, unless it be as a curiosity or relic of the past. They use maps issued from the press of Time Server & Co. We accept nothing but the old chart published by the Celestial Line thousands of years ago. We believe the 'old is better ;' it carries with it a 'Thus saith the Lord.' 'Be not deceived ; God is not mocked ; for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.' " (Gal. vi. 7.)

At the close of his exhortation he announced that a series of meetings were in progress at the Celestial Chapel on Penitent Avenue, and cordially invited all to attend. The throng dispersed ; Dr. Quietus, as he left Transgressor, invited him to attend his church next Sabbath. Transgressor and the Compromise bill-poster walked away together. "That man, said the latter, "must be an advertising agent of the Celestial Road ; there is no necessity of such exactness in the service of Christ. The love of the world, fame and wealth, are to be sought after in this world. A profession of religion may be assumed as a convenience, and a passport to heaven when we come to die. Suppose a man does incur some risk, he will have a splendid time going through this world any way." They parted at Indecision Square.

V.

THE COMPROMISE STATION.

Transgressor returned homeward. The world looked attractive ; its honor and applause were desirable, and he thought the Celestial agent must be mistaken. "Perhaps he views the subject from

a wrong stand-point," mused he, and "suppose I should fail to reach the City of God, multitudes of intelligent and respectable people will be excluded with me. It can hardly be possible, after one has taken so much pains to make the journey on the Compromise Line, that the gates of heaven will be closed against him."

On reaching home he related what had happened during the day. He felt that he must do something. Conscience had been too thoroughly aroused to be lulled immediately to sleep. "I will try the Compromise Line," thought he, "and if it proves a failure I can return and take some other route." His family readily consented to accompany him. There was no cross in going on this route; one could take his worldly pleasures with him. A few mornings after, and a hack and heavy baggage wagon were at the door. Both were well filled, and whirled away to the Compromise depot. This was a spacious building, profusely decorated inside and out. Within, the walls were covered with paintings of scenes along the route. An unusually large number were at the station, as Rev. Dr. Tickle Ear, a smooth-tongued revivalist, had been in the city conducting services at the Temple of Mammon. He had induced a multitude to assume a profession of religion, without a change of heart, and they were about to leave the city. Here was the millionaire and the pauper; the former received many tokens of respect; the latter, though his equal in intellectual power, was barely noticed. Alas, how often people bow and scrape to money and clothes instead of the *man*. Here were prominent doctors and lawyers, belles of fashion, worldly philosophers and moralists.

In the waiting-room, lazily seated upon an easy couch, was a group of dainty Christians singing :

“ Nothing, either great or small,
Remains for me to do;
Jesus died and paid it all,
All the debt I owe.”

And they acted as if they had nothing to do but lie down on the gospel, and be carried to the skies in their sins.

Mrs. Transgressor’s keen eye scrutinized the throng. For some time she had said nothing, but at length asked her husband,

“ Has not the driver made a mistake? Have we not come to the wrong station?”

“ No,” replied Transgressor. “ See, the word *Compromise* is printed in large letters over the gateway.”

“ But,” said she, “ there must be some mistake, for though there are many respectable persons here, yet there is a large number with whom I do not wish to ride, unless they have reformed,” continued Mrs. Transgressor, whose sense of consistency had been shocked. “ Their outward appearance is not a true index to their characters. They may be very genteel, and among those unacquainted with their lives, they may pass for good Christians.”

Transgressor. Perhaps these individuals simply came to the station to bid their friends farewell.

Mrs. Transgressor. No, indeed, as all whom I have seen have purchased tickets. Fraudulent is here, finely attired, and you know how often he has failed in business dishonestly. Mrs. Sensible informed me the other day that he has broken down rich, only paying twenty-five cents on the

dollar. Neither of us thought his shrewdness atoned for his wickedness in defrauding his creditors. Had he been conducting business honorably, and after failing made a frank acknowledgement of his inability to pay, not smuggling his property, he might have retained the confidence of his creditors; but he put his money and goods out of his hands on purpose to cheat, and lately has been conducting business under a friend's name. With that money dishonestly gained he proposes to journey to heaven! Is it right for him to go to the City of God without confession and restitution? It can hardly be that the magnificent Compromise Line is a refuge for such rascals. Another gentleman just purchased tickets who keeps an elegant sample room—a refined name for a hell-hole. You remember how near he came to trapping our oldest boy. He has coined his money out of the hard earnings of widows and orphans. His dollars are saturated with their tears. See his wife—the rustling of her silks sounds like the hisses of a serpent. Is he to leave without any reparation for his wrong? This is not a prohibition line, is it? There comes Miserly, leaning on his staff. He is a member of an up-town church, and rents his magnificent block to liquor dealers. He excuses himself by saying, 'If they do not rent my buildings, they will rent some other man's.' Further, he runs a saloon in another man's name, not wishing his own to appear in connection with the business.

Transgressor (hastily). Well, what of it, if they now are going to discontinue the traffic?

Mrs. Transgressor. It does not appear much like it, for both of them have ordered their wine casks to the baggage car. See, through the win-

dow, they are just being rolled in. They are labeled "light wines," but they have proved heavy enough to sink myriads in this city, and what proof have we that they will not operate in the same manner on the way to the City of God? Think of the possibility of having some intoxicated *en route* to heaven! The love of money has closed many church doors in this city, while it has kept the saloons open seven days in the week. See the ruin the monster Intemperance has wrought; behold the wrecks he has made; go, hear the heart-broken wail of the drunkard's wife; listen to the maniac's cry from the barred window; see the poor wretches dragged into police court every morning; read the long list of crimes and casualties in every daily paper, caused by drink, and then ask me to ride towards heaven with people who are in league with this hell-fanged, tiger-clawed demon, the liquor-traffic, and who have never repented or made any reparation for their wrong? *Never.* There, too, is the pastor of the church to which Fraudulent and Miserly belong. He is a great big coward; he dare not preach the truth lest his pocket-book feel the pinch of the financial thumbscrew. Here are the-atre-goers, "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God." This class of people have either come to the wrong station, or we have. If all these people are going to heaven without any change of heart, I have no desire to go. This is a *Compromise* line indeed. It seems more like a *Conglomerate* line. Think of a train starting for the City of God with smoking-cars attached, wine-casks in the baggage-car, frolicking, dancing and gambling on board! Here is Rev. Dr. Liberal Thinker. He was once an orthodox preacher, and very successful in win-

ning souls ; but he has imbibed the principles of free thought, and, to-day, ridicules the atonement, embraces modern evolutionism, and discards future retribution. *Do* let us go home. A fine residence in this city, where we know we are unsafe, is preferable to a pretended ride towards heaven with such a mixed throng, and no positive assurance that we shall reach the city. I do not believe this is a "through line." I remember the old Bible at home said, "Wherefore, come out from among them and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you." (2 Cor. vi. 17.) On the Compromise maps the road appears to enter the city ; but on reaching home we will examine the old Chart. Come, let us be going. Did Dr. Quietus say that this was a through line ?

Transgressor made no response, but busied himself examining several of the tickets, on the face of which could be read :

COMPROMISE RAILROAD.
CITY OF SIN TO THE CITY OF GOD.
GOOD FOR ONE PASSAGE.
Stop over allowed at any Station.
TIME SERVER, *G. T. Agent.*

He did not like the signature, but said nothing, as his wife had given the route such a severe criticising. He telephoned for their carriage, and they went home.

About sundown, to the surprise of the neighbours, Transgressor and his family were driven up in front of their mansion on Pleasant Avenue. To the numerous questions asked by his friends, Transgressor responded evasively, if at all ; but

his wife did not hesitate to give the true reason for their return. They had been deceived, and she did not wish to go towards heaven on a route which tolerated iniquity. She was not slow to uncover its inconsistencies. On entering the house Transgressor took down the old Bible, which was nearly covered with dust. Had he carefully studied this before starting, he would have saved much time and trouble. This book had not been as a "lamp unto his feet and a light unto his path." The secular news had absorbed his attention more than the book of books. When men are in trouble they often consult this oracle. On examining the map, he discovered that the Compromise Line left its passengers just outside of the city, to be carried in by omnibus. He also read, "And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination or maketh a lie." (Rev. xxi. 27.) He also read the following comment aloud:

The Managers of the Compromise Route have never been able to extend their track clear into the City of God, though they have repeatedly tried to do so. The Divine Government does not deem it expedient, as the baggage brought up over this road would mar the golden streets, and the passengers coming over it would disturb the harmony of heaven, if permitted to enter in their sins. Heaven is a prepared place for a prepared people.

"There," said his wife, "I regret having been seen at that station. I prefer to mingle with those who make no profession of religion than to be numbered among those who profess to be Christ's, and in works deny him."

Time passed on. Transgressor was startled one morning as he read in his daily:

[BY TELEGRAPH.]

GREAT CRASH ON THE COMPROMISE LINE.

Several Lives Lost, and many Passengers Injured!

TRIBULATION GORGE, Midnight.—The train from the City of Sin broke through the bridge at this place, doing immense damage. Fifty killed and many wounded. For many years the trestle work at this point has been considered unsafe, but the Company have neglected to repair it. They are noted for inattention to minor details. Among the killed are Commodore Grasp-All, wife and daughters, Rev. Dr. Tickle Ear and the Bishop of the Diocese of Worldly Policy.

LATER!—Cars took fire, and several burned to death, among them the pastor of the Church of Mammon. Cause of the disaster, too much “light wine” taken by employees of the Company. We deeply regret this terrible calamity. The Church of Mammon is thrown into great mourning. We are advised by a private dispatch that Dr. Tickle Ear is not killed, though badly injured. We hope he may recover.

“There,” said Transgressor, throwing down his paper, “what is a route worth which can take its passengers only part way to the City of God, and then wreck the train. Such a religion is no better than infidelity. The Bible says, “As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.” (Ps. ciii. 12.) These travelers took their sins with them, and this is the cause of their ruin.” He was correct; that route only is successful which takes its passengers to their destination. If it only starts them towards it, it avails little. The Gospel Route pulls its cars clear through into the City of God.

VI.

THE PASTOR'S CALL.

One evening as Transgressor was sitting in his chair meditating upon the events of the past, Rev. Dr. Universalis, pastor of the Church of the Res-

torationists, called. After the usual salutation, he commenced upon the subject of religion.

“I learn that you have abandoned the idea of leaving the city, and concluded to become a permanent resident here. Although the Compromise Line is practically a failure, I would not advise you to remain in this city, as it will some day be burned with fire. I dropped in to recommend the best of all routes, The Universal Salvation Line. A party are going in a few days, and we should be happy to have yourself and family join us. The route is a very pleasant one, and there will be no heavy crosses, and”—

Transgressor. I cannot reconcile the doctrines of your route with all the attributes of God, especially his justice; perhaps it is more easily harmonized with his mercy.

Mrs. Transgressor. No! no! God’s goodness would lead him to exclude from heaven everything unholy, not allowing any to enter who did not repent of all their sins in this world.

Dr. Universalis. But “God is love,” and his love is so great that he will not permit any to be eternally lost, but will ultimately bring all to dwell with him in heaven. The Bible says, “Every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord.” (Phil. ii. 10.)

Mrs. Transgressor (quickly). Yes, indeed, every knee shall bow in the day of judgment. Then, even devils shall acknowledge Christ to be Lord of all; but bowing before the Son of God then at the throne of justice is very different from bowing before the throne of mercy now for pardon.

Dr. Universalis. I cannot harmonize God’s goodness with the idea of future retribution, or the doctrine of hell.

"It seems to me it is a mercy that there is such a place," said Mrs. Transgressor, who seemed to be quite orthodox, in theory at least. "State prisons are a benefit to community; what could we do without them in this city? It will be a mercy to have the righteous and the wicked separated in eternity. The wicked could not enjoy heaven, having no relish for spiritual things; and the pure in heart would not choose the wicked for their associates.

Dr. Universalis. Of course God will change the moral natures of all men before entering heaven.

Mrs. Transgressor. By what power are they to be changed in the other world? Men die in their sins, and give no evidence of any change of heart; what power hereafter can give them eternal life? Certainly you do not believe in purgatory.

The door-bell rings. The pastor of the church on Penitent Avenue enters. After a few pleasant words, he introduced his friend, the Lord Jesus Christ, and discoursed to them on the subject of personal salvation.

"I saw Mr. Transgressor in our meeting the other evening, and came in to chat in reference to your leaving the city, and to recommend the Celestial Line. You have not abandoned all idea of leaving, have you?"

Transgressor. Not entirely. I have had considerable feeling on the subject. For years my soul has not been at rest. But there are many things which perplex me.

Pastor. Are you willing to devote yourself to the service of Christ, relying upon him as your personal Saviour? Are you willing to take the cross?

Transgressor. I cannot with all my heart give an affirmative answer. We attempted once to go by the Compromise Line, but became so disgusted at the depot that we came home. If I ever attempt to be a Christian, I must be a thorough one. I cannot accept a worldly religion.

Pastor. Amen; glad to hear you speak thus. We recommend none but a Saviour who saves to the uttermost; who can take us out of the sinful ways of the world, and so change our natures that we have no relish for anything forbidden in the Word of God. The true Christian's joys are God-given and heaven-born. The joy of the Lord becomes our strength, a joy as far above mere earthly happiness as the heavens are above the earth.

Addressing Transgressor's wife, he said, "Are you a Christian?" She replied in the negative.

Pastor. "What think ye of Christ?" Why cannot you both start on the Celestial Line at once?

Mrs. Transgressor. But we tried the Compromise Railroad once; we might as well remain here as to go by that road. Yet I desire to have my husband's mind at rest, for he has no settled peace day or night.

Pastor. A profession of religion without saving grace fails to meet the demand. Many are attempting to mix the religion of Jesus with the sinful pleasures of the world, when God has separated them. Some may teach that we can have the world and have Christ, "Nevertheless, the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are his; and let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity." (2 Tim. ii. 19.) Sin and misery go together; holiness and happiness are united by

the Lord himself ; and “ what God hath joined together let not man put asunder.” Addressing Dr. Universalis, he said, “ I trust you are a Christian.”

Dr. Universalis. Certainly ; I believe the whole race will ultimately be saved.

Pastor. Have you met with a change of heart ?

Dr. Universalis. No, sir.

Pastor. What did Jesus mean when he said, “ Ye must be born again ” ?

Dr. Universalis. But Christ is the Saviour of all men.” “ Specially of those that believe,” (1 Tim. iv. 10), added Pastor quickly. “ What do you think of the new birth ? ”

Dr. Universalis. I do not think it absolutely essential in this world.

Pastor. Do you find anything in the Bible promising the new birth in the world to come ? I read, “ After death, the judgment ; ” not after death, regeneration.

Dr. Universalis. But we cannot reconcile the doctrine of future retribution with the goodness of God.

[Mr. and Mrs. Transgressor were now listening eagerly. Perhaps there was a secret desire to take the Universal Line if it could be done with safety. It would save much time and trouble.]

“ I think,” continued Dr. Universalis, “ that God is so good he will not allow any of his creatures to be finally lost.

Pastor. God is so good he will not allow the harmony of heaven and the happiness of his saints to be disturbed by the presence of anything that is evil in the Holy City. He will not permit the melody of the 144,000 before the throne, the peace

of angels, and the bliss of the spirits of just men made perfect, to be disturbed by the presence of a single sinner in his sins. The miser, if permitted to enter heaven without the new birth, would desire to tear up the golden streets, unhinge the gates of pearl, and start a broker's shop. The belles of fashion would be trying to excel the angels in finery. The theatre manager would want to rent one of the palaces in which to start a show, while the thief would steal the crowns of the saints. A little girl was told by her father of two children who were slain in the woods. She asked, "Where did the children go after they were dead?" He said, "To heaven." She said, "After the man was hanged who killed them, where did he go?" "Well," said the father, "he went to heaven too." "Then," queried the little enquirer, "I wonder if he won't kill them again!" God is so kind he will not allow that in heaven which would mar the happiness of his saints. Conduct the beggar, clothed in tatters, to the royal palace, place him before the king arrayed in gold and seated on his throne, his attendants around him dressed in gorgeous apparel, would he not desire to change his raiment? Take the sinner, in his rags of destitution, and place him in the immediate presence of the King of kings, stand him beside Gabriel and Michael, and the throng that are washed in the blood of the Lamb, would he feel at home? would he not cry, "Take me hence?"

Dr. Universalis. Do you think God will send the sinner to perdition?

Pastor. No sir; he sends no man to destruction. His Spirit strives with men, and it is only on this ground that he could be just in their con-

damnation. The Holy Spirit urges them to Christ. If they accept, they are saved; if not, they seal their own doom. Life and death are placed before man; if he chooses death he ruins himself. Every man carries the key to his own destiny. He has it in his power to place a crown on his head and a harp in his hand. Two destinies, light or darkness, freedom or chains, heaven or hell, await every one. If God were to save man without his consent it would make of him a mere machine under the supervision of the Almighty, as the locomotive is under the control of the engineer. That were to destroy man's free moral agency; whereas every individual is conscious of the power of choice. A railroad bridge is gone; red flags are flung to the breeze; every warning is given; and yet if the engineer, seeing the signal, crowds on more steam, and dashes into the abyss, who is to blame? The President of the Company? No. The flagman? No; he raised the signal. The conductor? No; he saw not the danger. Who is responsible? The engineer, who heeded not the warning. The Lord, by his word, his Spirit, and his children, apprizes man of coming peril, warns him of the broken bridge. Signals are displayed, Sinai thunders, Calvary calls, man rushes on and plunges into hell. Who is responsible? The Almighty, for sounding the alarm? No. The sinner, for not heeding the signal. If a man is lost, he destroys himself.

Dr. Universalis. But I believe that all men will finally be saved.

Pastor. People grasp eagerly at the idea of an everlasting heaven, but repudiate the doctrine of eternal punishment. The idea that men are to

be regenerated after death would make hell a redeemer, at least for a portion of the race. The Bible teaches that there is none other name given among men whereby we must be saved. It is the blood of Jesus that saves ; and the song they sing in heaven is, " Unto him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood." (Rev. i. 5.) Not " Unto hell or purgatory that hath washed us." Further, who desires to take such a circuitous route ? Why go around through perdition, when we can go direct ? Doctor, do you have any prayer service in your church ? Do you pray in your family ?

Dr. Universalis. Not very often.

Pastor. Of course there is not much necessity for either if all men are to be saved. Nevertheless, Mr. Transgressor, if you are willing we will offer a word of prayer ; and while all bowed the knee, Pastor poured forth his soul earnestly for the salvation of all present. He shook hands with them, urged each to take the Celestial Line, and bade them good evening.

" Well, Doctor," said Transgressor, " do you think this change of heart to be a reality, or is it a creature of the imagination ? Have you ever experienced it ? "

Dr. Universalis. I am not positive.

Transgressor. Then why persuade us to take a line to heaven which does not change the moral nature ? If your theory is correct, the whole City of Sin is safe ; we shall all ultimately reach the better land, though we may have to travel a little farther than by some other route.

Dr. Universalis took his hat and left.

Mrs. Transgressor. I think Pastor has the true

religion. He seems to act as if he believed the Bible. How many preachers there are in this city who do not by their sermons or actions indicate that sinners are in peril. Such men are Dr. Quietus, and Dr. Tickle Ear, who was wounded at the Compromise disaster. Pity he was not killed. Pastor has a different spirit from either.

Transgressor retired, but not to rest.

VII.

THE MEETING ON PENITENT AVENUE.

Next evening Transgressor was at the meeting on Penitent Avenue. As he entered, the congregation was singing,

“The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The king’s high way of holiness,
I’ll go for all his paths are peace.”

In the hall was this beautiful motto :

“ HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD,”

and under it another,

“ SEATS FREE.”

Transgressor was greeted by a genteel brother who conducted him to a seat. Everything about the building was very neat and tasty. After a brief but fervent prayer the minister announced as his text,

“ And an high way shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called, The way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those; the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein. No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast

shall go up thereon; it shall not be found there: but the redeemed shall walk there. And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Ziou with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—(ISA. xxxv. 8—10.)

The sermon harmonized completely with the statements of the Celestial Line agent. The speaker affirmed that this was the only route that extended clear through into the City of God. Said he, "There are many routes which seem to reach heaven; the road leading up yon steep hill may appear to reach the skies, but after one gets to the summit he finds himself far below the heavens. So there are many routes which appear to reach the better land, but they do not. God has constructed the only highway to the skies. The old Appian Way, in the Roman empire, was three hundred and fifty miles long. It was twenty-four feet wide, and on either side of the road was a path for foot passengers. It was made out of rocks cut in hexagonal shape and fitted together. Think of a road of smooth hard rock three hundred and fifty miles long. No wonder that in its construction the resources of the empire were drained. But behold here a greater than the Appian Way, a road reaching from the lowest dungeon of human degradation to the highest palace sparkling in the sunlight of heaven. Every chasm has been bridged, every mountain tunneled. The mighty workman groaned beneath the task, and, as the last rail was laid, he cried, 'It is finished.' This is indeed a highway. I do not come to you preaching a limited salvation. A highway is free to all, and the Celestial Road is free to every one. It is a clean route. Some roads professedly reaching the upper kingdom are not clean.

But it is written in the unchangeable Word of God concerning the Celestial Line, 'The unclean shall not pass over it.'

"Many corrupt people succeed in becoming members of the visible church, but no person can carry any sin over this line. This is the route of separation and salvation. We use none but palace coaches, and our road is remarkably free from dust and smoke.

"It is a plain route; simple, but not silly. There may be many things in the Guide Book we cannot, in our present state, fully understand, but that which pertains to our salvation is very plain. What avails it that a man is able to trace the laws of each planet and star, if he knows nothing of the bright and morning star? What though he can almost count the ages by the stones in the door-yard, if he be entirely ignorant of the Rock of Ages? Is it a safe route? Aye, 'No lion shall be there.' They may be in the forests on either side, but can never enter upon the road. They may prowl around on the embankment, but not one ever succeeded in getting upon the track. Are the bridges safe? The bridges on competing roads are continually breaking through, but no bridge on our line has ever given way. 'I am the way,' says Jesus, 'press me.' With the everlasting arms around him, the Rock of Ages underneath, and the smiles of the Heavenly Father above, ought not the Christian to feel secure? Our passengers are very cheerful and happy. They are journeying 'with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads.' The world's people make a great mistake in thinking that the travelers on our line are unhappy. This is not a doleful route;

gloominess is an unclean fowl, and is not welcomed. Why should they be sad when they are journeying to a 'city that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.' Their happy hearts have caught the distant echo of the song they sing around the throne. They travel with 'songs,' some of them are written, some are unwritten, the irrepressible joys of the purified heart, which can never be written. Bye and bye 'God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be no more pain, for the former things are passed away.'

The preacher closed with an earnest exhortation to all his hearers to take the Celestial Line. After service several of the good people took Transgressor by the hand and invited him to come again.

VIII.

THE LAODICEAN CHURCH.

This church had an angel for its pastor, who was a descendant of the angel who had many years ago ministered unto the Laodicean church in Asia Minor. Transgressor supposed this denomination had become extinct, and was surprised one day to see the angel of said church step into his office. "O, no," exclaimed the angel, "we are not extinct. Jesus said some severe things against our forefathers in Asia Minor; nevertheless we survived, and have the finest and most fashionable congregation in the city. I preach in the Mammoth Cathedral on Lukewarm Avenue. We have flourishing churches on all lines except the Celestial.

Those desiring to go by that road are too radical, too much given to agitation. We are a conservative people. However, we receive some additions every year from that road, as some grow weary of it after a while. Whenever they get rid of their old foggy notions they are ready to come to us."

Transgressor thought possibly this angel might be able to help him, even though Dr. Quietus had failed, and commenced to relate some of his experience, which was not very pleasant to this visitor. Like Dr. Quietus, the angel endeavored to quiet Transgressor's awakened conscience, and on leaving asked him to attend his church on the ensuing Sabbath. The difficulty was, Transgressor was seeking counsel of a backslidden angel. He mused, "If an angel is not alarmed over my spiritual condition, why should I be so much troubled?" Sabbath morning came. Transgressor was in the vestry of the great cathedral. Being well dressed and of fine appearance, he was met with a polite bow and escorted to a desirable seat. The angel was arrayed in a white robe. He was fine appearing, talented, and smiled complacently upon his congregation. His Masonic pin glittered in the sunlight. Transgressor thought, "Can it be possible that this angel has been hoodwinked and cable-towed?" The opening hymn, which was operatic, was a strange mixture of bass, solo, tenor and what-not; each part seemed to vie with all the other parts in the struggle for the mastery. The same quartette were hired to sing here that sang in one of the down-town theatres. Its members were not even professed Christians. One of them was an infidel outright. The angel stood and said his prayer, commencing as pompous an-

gels do, "O, thou infinite, eternal, omnipotent, omniscient, uncreated, undefined," &c., &c. Transgressor got lost in the very introduction of the prayer. The angel instructed the Lord in reference to the progress of human affairs, and prayed for nearly every object on earth save the Laodicean church. A little boy, after hearing a minister's lengthy prayer, said to his mother, "Does God know every thing?" "Yes," she replied; "why do you ask such a question?" "O," said he, "the minister told God so many things, I thought perhaps God was not posted."

The angel read a long list of appointments, as follows: "On Monday evening there will be a Concert for the benefit of the Sunday School Library. Tuesday evening, a Festival in the basement of the church. On Wednesday evening, a Fair in the church parlors. On Thursday evening the Committee on Dancing will meet for consultation at 6.30, one hour before prayer meeting, which will be at 7.30. On Friday evening there will be a Church Raffle for the benefit of Foreign Missions; and on Saturday evening the young people will meet and drill for the coming Holiday Carnival and Theatre. Let us sing,

"Far from my thoughts, vain world, be gone,
Let my religious hours alone"!!

Transgressor smiled at the medley. No wonder that he afterward dubbed the Laodicean society as "The Church of the Holy Swell."

The angel announced for his text, "I am rich and increased in goods, and have need of nothing." (Rev. iii. 17.) And judging from the appearance of the cathedral and audience, no one would doubt

his statements. The most of the audience believed what the angel told them. He was very careful not to arouse the consciences of his large and influential congregation by any pointed truths. He tickled their ears, and they flattered him. They paid him a large salary to keep back sharp truths. He did not dare preach a plain temperance sermon. Some of his own congregation tipped, and he tipped with them. Several of his most wealthy supporters rented their blocks to the wholesale and retail liquor business. His audiences were perfectly safe under his discourses. Too many ministers are like the Chinese gymnasts, who exhibit remarkable skill in throwing knives at a person placed against a wall. Their great endeavor is to see how near they can come to the individual without hitting him. To cut or mar the one standing, is a mark of dishonor, and shows great lack of skill, but to stick knives in the wall all around, and within a hair's breadth of the person is considered highly creditable. Many preachers try to see how near they can come to their hearers and not hit them. Should they accidentally arouse some one's conscience, they immediately apologize. Far too much of the preaching of this age has a tendency to increase the spiritual lethargy of the people.

This angel reminded the audience of their good works, and that to be a member of the Laodicean church was an honor. He said that they had fine cathedrals throughout the land, and he intimated, though he did not squarely say it, that they did not care to have poor people unite with them. If a poor man entered this church he must sit away in the rear where he would need an ear trumpet

to hear and a spy-glass to see the preacher. Had this angel preached one plain sermon on repentance and restitution, some of his officials would have reminded him that his presence was desired more in heaven, or somewhere else, than in the Laodicean pulpit. Had he repeated the offence, there would have been a revival, or a committee would have advised him to travel for his health. But he was a very prudent angel ; he understood human nature, and would do nothing to offend his wealthy hearers. The sermon proved him to be well educated, but much of his language was so studied that the common people could not understand it. For instance, when describing the passing of the redeemed spirit to heaven, he said, "The hierophantic soul sails down the vistas of protoplasm towards the anagoges." Most of the audience were delighted with the sermon, but there were a few present who were not satisfied even with the preaching of an angel. Once or twice during the service Transgressor had heard a very low sigh from some one sitting near him. He would not have wondered at this in the chapel on Penitent Avenue, as the sobs of the penitent and notes of praise were a frequent occurrence there. A holiness evangelist had become so grieved over the spiritual condition of this professed church of Christ, he could not refrain from sighing. Strange that the preaching of an angel should grieve a pious evangelist ! But for disturbing the audience he would have gone out into the street to preach to the common people.

As Evangelist walked away from the church by the side of Transgressor, the former said, "The angel this morning only discoursed on the human

or worldly side of his theme. He did not even read the whole message of Christ, but studiously omitted the words, "*I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot. I would thou wert cold or hot; so then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth.*" He should have mentioned the severe rebuke Christ gave the ancient Laodicean church for their lukewarmness, since the judgments of God are as certainly against the lukewarm Christian as they are against the open blasphemer. This church is a grand success as a worldly enterprise, but a miserable failure as a representative of Christ's church on earth. Alas, this is too true of many churches. Sinners are going to hell by platoons under the shadow of tall steeples, while the members are rocked to sleep in the cradle of carnal security. Many ministers say heaven with a great shout, and hell in a soft whisper. The physician who conceals the most alarming symptoms from his patient is not the patient's true friend. This angel prefers to please men rather than save them. No minister can be a true friend to humanity who conceals from them the facts. This angel covers up the stern truths of the gospel under his snowy wing. The members of this church are deluded. A man may board the wrong train by mistake. He may be honestly deceived, but this will not bring him to the right destination. Multitudes are on the wrong train spiritually; not because the way to heaven is not plain, but because they will not earnestly seek after the true road. Many love to be deceived; the delusion is pleasing to the carnal nature. God did not leave the ancient Laodicean church deceived; he sent them a message of

warning. God warns men; if they listen and obey, well; if not, they must remain spiritually asleep until the thunders of the judgment day. The devil might send one of his smallest imps to watch such a church as this, and then he could spend nine-tenths of his time napping. It is just as near hell from the pulpit as from the pew if the minister is not saved. This angel is proud. He would not contaminate himself by associating with the common people. Not long since I called on a family who said he would cross the street rather than speak to them, on account of their poverty. He is too lofty to converse with the degraded and fallen, and the members of his church are following in his angelic (?) footsteps. We read of the angels which kept not their first estate; but I think this angel has kept his original estate of depravity. He is not one of those who are sent forth to minister to such as shall be heirs of salvation. I will make war with this angel, and publish to the world his false teachings."

During the week the angel called on Transgressor, and invited himself and family to the church entertainments. He did not even mention the prayer meeting. Partly out of curiosity they attended the church fair. Here they found a billiard parlor, raffling room, card table, and theatricals bordering upon the obscene. They put a five dollar gold piece into a cake, and sold the pieces at one dollar each, as a chance for the gold piece. They put a young lady on the platform, and the gentlemen paid ten cents apiece for the privilege of a—kiss. Married men went home with young girls, and their wives got home as best they could, some of them accompanied with gen-

tlemen, and some of them alone ; but it was all for the glory of God, and under the supervision of an angel.

Transgressor and wife went home disgusted. Said the latter, "I am very glad we did not bring the children ; the effect upon them would have been pernicious. I had rather they would attend a show outside of the church, where gilded sin is not covered up with the cloak of religion, than go to such an entertainment under the garb of Christianity. Jesus said to the money changers, 'Take these things hence.' I do not believe in speculating on human depravity or pandering to man's baser nature to raise money for the cause of God. Those who pay their money at such gatherings do not do it from pure benevolence. Think of an angel auctioning dolls, supervising a grab bag, &c. I am not opposed to innocent pleasures, or to legitimate social enjoyments, but when they cast the cloak of religion over such performances as we witnessed to-night, it is abominable. What is the difference between this church and the world, unless it be that this church takes the lead in doubtful pleasures ? These people would have the law executed against gambling hells, but this church by its little chance games furnishes recruits for the full-fledged gambling dens. When I think of the Compromise Line, and of this church, I am almost persuaded there is nothing in religion." They never went to the Laodicean church again.

IX.

ACROSS THE OCEAN.

Transgressor was nearly ready to abandon all faith in revealed religion, and determined to travel

abroad to view the wonderful works of God, and test the power of natural religion to give soul rest.

It is a beautiful afternoon ; many of the passengers are on the deck of the ocean steamer, admiring the glories of the setting sun. There is not a cloud in the sky, and the water is comparatively smooth. The ball of fire descends majestically, and apparently sinks into the bosom of the great deep. The sky is tinged with beautiful colors as the shades of night fall gradually upon the bosom of the ocean. Transgressor mused : " If the rest for which I yearn is to be discovered anywhere in the wonders of nature, it seems to me it can be found in this glorious sunset on the waves. Perhaps I am longing for that which can never be realized in this world. Possibly I may yet find it on the highlands of Scotland, or amid the grandeur of Switzerland." Thus he meditated as the sun sank into the waters and the stars began to twinkle in the heavens. On that vessel nearly all beliefs were represented—atheists, deists, materialists, spiritualists and Christians. Among the number was Dr. Universalis and the clergyman who had called on Transgressor's family. The first was traveling for his health, the latter as a missionary to the heathen. In company with others they were discussing the future condition of the righteous and the wicked. Several infidels were endeavoring to prove that man was only a high order of the brute creation, and entirely destitute of a soul.

" Ah me," drawled out an old tar on the outskirts of the crowd, " I know better 'an that, and if we hev a he'vy storm 'fore reachin' t'other side

ye'll find that every man aboard has got a soul, and ye'll be mighty orthodox too. Even these tars that can cuss and swear like pirates under a clear sky, will, when the storm comes too hard, pray fur God to save their souls. I b'lieve the good book my mother gave me has it kerrekt, 'There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding.'

The discussion continued upon religious subjects, until Cool Head, M. D., opened fire upon the Christian religion. He meant to give the clergyman a brush.

"I think the gospel tends to destroy the nervous system, and unmans the individual. It is very important, especially with certain temperaments, to maintain the system's equilibrium, and not be greatly moved by emotions of joy and sorrow. As a physician of extended practice and many years' experience, I pronounce the Christian religion, with its doctrines of repentance, heaven and hell, as calculated to excite and unbalance the nervous system."

Clergyman. Was there ever any great reformation without excitement? Do we not owe our civil liberty to a great excitement? Without the excitement of the middle ages, caused by Martin Luther, where would be the world's religious liberty? Without the excitement of the anti-slavery reform, millions would still be wearing chains. Is it proper for men to become excited in a political campaign? If so, is it strange they should become aroused over eternal things? It is impossible for one to fully believe the Bible and not be greatly stirred. Again, if we can excite men out of the gutter, excite them away from their cups,

excite new clothes on their backs, and happiness into their houses, do you not think we better keep up the excitement ? So far from true religion being injurious to the mind and body, it has been a means of prolonging my life. I should have been in my grave years ago but for the grace of God. When a young man I commenced with the social glass, and went down gradually. I might have stopped at first ; but the little cords soon became mighty cables. Soon those who had been the means of my downfall passed me in the street unnoticed. Down I went until my brain whirled many times with delirium. I tried the pledge again and again, but this could not hold me. Some earnest Christian workers began to tell me about the compassionate Jesus. I cried unto him, and he saved me. He brought me up out of the horrible drunkard's pit, and put my feet upon a rock. O, those were exciting days when I was converted —a different kind of excitement from that which was caused by my going home reeling drunk, when my wife would cry, and the children flee away in fear. Now all is changed ; love reigns in our home ; I have had better health, and my bad habits are all gone. Other things being equal, I believe that man will live the longest who has the blessing of the Lord, that maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow therewith. God called me to the ministry, and now I am going up and down the earth crying to sinners, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world."

At this moment the captain appeared, saying the barometer indicated a heavy storm, though no signs of it were visible. Even the sailors considered the alarm premature ; but the captain ordered

everything made fast. The sails were reefed, and everything was put in readiness for the gale, though not a cloud could be seen. Cool Head was immediately on deck. Night came, but no storm ; many retired, but Cool Head and a few others remained on the watch. At midnight a sudden tempest broke upon them, carrying everything before it. The wind was terrific ; the rain, hail and sleet went whizzing over the wave. The sky was black ; no light could be seen save the sharp flashes of lightning. It was fearfully grand. The vessel at first seemed stunned, and then began to move faster and faster before the furious wind, now resting on top of a wave, pausing a second in awful suspense, and then plunging down into the fearful darkness, as if in haste to reach the bottom of the sea. A thrill of despair shot through the hearts of the passengers, and a loud wail rose to heaven for help. When the ship began again slowly to rise on the next wave, hope would revive in every breast, only to be crushed as the vessel took a deeper plunge. It seemed as if all the artillery of heaven were let loose, and the dragons of the deep were venting their rage ; the elements above and below engaged in terrible conflict. Consternation seized the passengers. The morning came, but no relief, for the storm rolled on. The captain became alarmed. With a tremulous voice he said, "We are nearing dangerous reefs ; our anchors drag, and if the tempest continues much longer, all is lost!" Despair settled upon passengers and crew. The first to kneel in prayer was Dr. Cool Head ; and how he prayed ! Dr. Universalis knelt near him and asked to be saved from hell. The clergyman prayed, if it were

God's will, to spare the ship's company ; if not, he said, "Thy will be done." After which he calmly sang,

My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame.
But wholly lean on Jesus' name;
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

Strong sailors who a few hours before were swearing incessantly, now prayed for God to bring them safe to land. There were no scoffers in that prayer meeting. Why do men call upon that God for aid in danger, whom they ridicule when death does not seem to be near? Why do they then forsake false theories? Did you ever hear of a true Christian in the time of danger abandoning his religion? Unbelievers acknowledge the gospel to be true by leaving their false foundations in time of danger, and calling upon Jesus of Nazareth.

But where was Transgressor all this time? No sooner did the storm strike the ship than all his past life flashed before him. He thought of his early training, of his mother's prayers, of the Celestial Agent's exhortation, of the minister's call, and of his neglect of God. During that tempest every one on board was terribly orthodox.

The storm-king relented his fury, and there came a calm on the deep, a calm as great as the storm had been. The sailors, forgetting their prayers, resumed their oaths. Gaiety entered the hearts of the passengers, and the promises so recently made were forgotten. There is soon the sound of music and dancing. O, what strange contrasts this world of ours presents. Noonday

and midnight are not more unlike than the scenes that are continually passing before us. Can that be the same company that a few days before made such solemn vows to God ?

Clergyman. Good morning, Dr. Cool Head.

Dr. Cool Head. Good morning, sir.

Clergyman. Was it enthusiasm, or excitement, or what, that caused you to pray so earnestly the other day ? Religious excitement is very injurious to the human system, you know.

The Doctor made no reply. At the tea table that evening Clergyman propounded this question to Dr. Universalis: "If all men are to be saved from hell, why did you pray so earnestly the other day for salvation ?"

He made no response ; and Clergyman continued, "There are some theories which may do very well on solid land, but they do not answer in a storm at sea."

Transgressor visited England, Scotland, passed through Switzerland and Germany, on to Egypt, Sinai and the Holy Land, and yet not on the page of nature, amid all the scenes of grandeur, nor among the proudest works of man, could he find the realm of soul rest. He could read in nature something about the character of God, but earth, with all its greatness, was silent about a future world. Nature spoke nothing to him of redeeming love and immortality. Wherever he went he found the inhabitants of earth depraved. They bore the same image as the people in the city he had left. Indeed, he was only visiting other portions of the great City of Sin. He proved that Scripture true, "The whole world lieth in wickedness." There was no permanent rest from visible

sources. Transgressor's trouble was an internal one. He had carried an epitome of the sinful world with him—a wicked heart. If he found happiness, he must find it in something higher than the human. Visiting the whole earth with all its broad rivers and towering mountains, traveling in foreign lands, will never bring this pearl to man. He who starts on an earthly tour to find complete soul rest amid the things that are seen, has commenced a long pilgrimage, an endless journey. He may go and stand on the ocean shore, listening to the music of the waves ; he may ascend among the stars and listen to the harmony of the spheres, he may go to every continent and island on earth, and not find the peace for which he sighs, and he will never find it until he comes to him who said, “ COME UNTO ME ALL YE THAT LABOR AND ARE HEAVY LADEN, AND I WILL GIVE YOU REST.” (Matthew xi. 28.

X.

INCREASING WICKEDNESS OF THE CITY OF SIN.

The government of the City of Sin grew worse and worse. The churches became more corrupt, and infidelity increased to an alarming extent. All kinds of idolatry became prevalent ; the Sabbath was trampled under foot. The few who labored to enforce the Sunday laws against the sale of liquor, were dubbed “ cold water fanatics.” “ Personal Liberty” became the motto of all who desired to serve self alone. The mass of professed Christians were given to worldliness, most of them taking the lead in sinful amusements. Many of

the churches became so cold and formal that one evangelist declared a pail of water would freeze over in most of them. The columns of the daily papers were filled with murders, suicides, and all kinds of crime. The taxes became enormous. Theatres grew more obscene, and the basest plays were running every night. The bulletin boards were covered with immodest portraits of actresses. Men who considered themselves respectable attended these theatres with their families. Had one of these semi-nude stage fairies entered their parlors in stage costume, she would have been ordered into the street. By what parity of reasoning do people tolerate that on the stage, before thousands, which they would not allow in the quiet of their own homes ? Does the vast assemblage justify the immorality ? Business men who made no profession of religion became alarmed at the prevalence of crime. Their lives and property were in jeopardy. Dynamiters were constantly at work. Revivalists experienced much difficulty in conducting services. Tract distributers and street preachers were jailed. The City Fathers deemed out-door religious meetings too exciting, but champion prize-fighters could exhibit themselves to thousands, even on the Sabbath day. Over-nice Christians thought religion too sacred a thing to be taken into the streets, but the souls and bodies of men were not too sacred to be corrupted by obscene bulletin-boards, profanity and drunkenness. Minstrels and circuses could parade the streets and be protected by the courageous (?) police, but the few disciples of Jesus were mobbed whenever they attempted in the open air to speak in his name.

Though the reign of terror was well inaugurated, there was one true mode of deliverance, and that was through him who said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life." Many citizens wished relief, but desired it without humiliation. These would have been glad to have the grosser forms of vice checked, but did not wish the smaller ones assailed.

A noted infidel was invited to visit the city and lecture. A banner was borne through the streets with this inscription, "Join the train of progress." "The Mosaic account of creation a fraud." On the other side were portraits of leading infidels. The procession, headed by this banner, marched unmolested through the streets to the hall, which was soon crowded. This was no breach of the peace! The lecture was mostly negative, consisting largely of "I don't know." At its conclusion, Dr. Soundsense arose and stated the sad condition of affairs in the city, and asked the infidel what should be done. "You have ridiculed the Bible, you have taken away Christ, the foundation of true morality. Destruction threatens us; many of the citizens contemplate migrating by the different lines. You scorn revelation, but you offer us nothing better. You remove our foundation, 'We know,' and leave us to stand on 'I don't know.' You take away our shelter, and leave us homeless, wanderers on the desert of time, exposed to the raging elements of earth and hell, with no covering for our defenceless heads. What shall we do?" To which the learned infidel replied eloquently, discoursing on moral precepts borrowed indirectly from revelation. The press took up the question. *The Reform Gazette*

said, "Unless relief comes soon, the city is doomed to darkness and chains." It advocated more reform associations, total abstinence societies, &c., all good in themselves, but unable to work a complete reform. *The Journal of Culture* was of the same opinion. To cultivate the intellect, to thoroughly train the mind, and discipline the evil heart, were its doctrines. *The Gospel Anchor* came out with clarion notes :

The measures advocated by the *Reform Gazette* and *Journal of Culture* are good, but do not fully meet the demand. They fail to lay the axe at the root of the tree. Morality is commendable, but it cannot take the place of true piety. Of what use is a cable to a ship, be it ever so well made, if it be too short to reach down where the anchor can grasp the rock. The city needs a cable that will go down and grip the Rock of Ages, and keep the people from being swept into hell. A palace of ice may afford protection in winter, but how quickly it disappears beneath a hot sun. Thus it is with one's morality and self-goodness. They melt away in the time of trial. We need a power that will not forsake us in the hour of tribulation. Infidelity struts while living, but in death acknowledges with confessions most humiliating that Christ alone can save. Of what avail is any system of religion that fails when the test comes? The temperance crusaders are stoned in the streets. Terror has seized the pulpits and silenced some of the most eloquent preachers. We advise all who desire to flee from the wrath to come, to repent heartily of their sins and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. He only is the hope of the world. Those who have tried the route of simple morality, testify, when they reach the Valley of the Shadow of Death, that it fails to run clear into the city. They are compelled to return to Penitent Avenue, and utter the publican's prayer, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Pledges and reform associations, without grace, can never save men. Nothing but the blood of Jesus can wash away the stain and preserve one from falling. The measures advocated by the *Journal of Culture* will also fail. Education is good if sanctified, but training the intellect will not change the heart. The city needs a heart religion. Take the little thorn in the door-yard, tenderly care for it, water it every morning, loosen the soil about it, trim it, and it will grow. But after all your pains, you have only a more decent looking thorn. No amount of culture will transform it into a rose-bush. If you want a rose there, you must

pull up the thorn and plant a rose-bush in its stead. Take the sinner, educate him, put on the highest polish, and after all your cultivation what have you but a more deceit-looking sinner? And he will be a sinner until he is born of the Spirit. Sanctified education is good but the pest of this city is the educated villain. The gospel is the source of all true refinement; the highest culture can be found only where the Bible and its hallowed influences are felt. The old philosophers aimed to exalt man into a god by polishing the exterior; the gospel seeks to make men Godlike through belief of the truth. What we need is Bible salvation.

The Pope thundered from the Vatican, commanding the people to go *via* the line of Infallability. The Pope, Cardinals and the Priests were vehement in their denunciation of other lines. All who rode over them were heretics. Bulls and edicts were often issued; masses were frequently said, and indulgences freely sold. The Romish authorities labored incessantly night and day to convince the people that it was much easier to reach heaven by going around through purgatory. A lighted taper was offered to all patrons, provided they or their friends paid for the taper. The Romish trains promised to stop in purgatory for departed friends, if the friends on earth prepaid the passage of these sufferers out of the lower regions.

The *Anti-Romanist* said :

We prefer salvation direct through our Lord Jesus Christ. We do not like anything second handed, specially the grace of God. We do not want it cooled off by coming from Pope to Cardinal, Cardinal to Archbishop, Archbishop to Bishop, Bishop to Priest, and Priest to the penitent. We prefer it blazing hot from off God's own altars around the throne. If we have an account at the bank, we can fill out an order, sign our name, send by our friend to the bank and get our money; but we can never secure salvation in this manner; we must come to heaven's bank ourselves. The "Light of the world" is far preferable to a lighted taper. The latter will go out, but the first is an everlasting

light. Again, why come to Christ through the intervention of the Virgin Mary? If she can hear the prayers of worshipers all over the world at once, then we have another omniscient and omnipotent god in the person of the holy virgin.

The city grew worse and worse, like Sodom and Gomorrah of old.

“WOE TO THE BLOODY CITY; IT IS ALL FULL OF LIES AND ROBBERY; THE PREY DEPARTETH NOT.”—(Nahum iii. 1.)

XI.

THE DECISION.

“And are you not satisfied with the light of nature?” enquired Natural Religionist a few days after Transgressor’s return.

“No, indeed,” said the latter emphatically. “I visited many lands, but was unable to realize that in natural scenery, or in the proudest works of man, for which my spirit yearned. I could not out-travel my unrest of spirit. Sin has plunged the whole world into trouble. To seek for permanent happiness amid that which is visible, is like visiting the empty sepulchre of the Son of God, and meeting with the reproof, ‘Why seek ye the living among the dead?’ I am persuaded that man needs something besides that which is seen, to guide him in the path of duty. There are many things in revelation I do not fully understand. So there are in the physical world; scientists cannot explain every mystery in connection with the shining of the sun; but it were folly therefore to say it does not shine; and it is unwise for me longer to reject revelation because I cannot unravel all its mysteries. Enough has been

plainly revealed in the Word and by the Spirit to discover to me my duty. I have found that 'the way of transgressors is hard,' that though men may advocate bravely their theories of unbelief in health and strength, yet these fail in the presence of danger and death." And he related what transpired during the terrible storm at sea. "Reason's torch goes out in the tempest. I need a light that will burn through the dampness of the grave, and bring me to that city where it is eternal sunlight."

Not long after he announced to his family his intention of leaving the city on the Celestial Line. "I know this route is not very popular," said he, "but as there is no lasting peace outside of the gospel, I mean to see what there is inside of it. 'Other refuge have I none.' I desire very much to have my family go with me; but I must go at any cost. It is my soul that is imperiled; it is a personal matter between me and my God."

His companion had not forgotten the Compromise failure, and was a little ashamed to attempt to start for the Celestial City again. She tried in vain to divert his mind from the themes in which he was so deeply interested. A spiritualistic medium's visit a few days before had aroused her curiosity. "They tell of such wonderful things," said she, "how the dead return to the earth, and how one may talk with departed friends; I would like you to go with me just once. May be we can hear something from our little Charlie who left us so suddenly last summer. There must be something in it, as quite a number of intelligent people are regular attendants."

When she spoke of Charlie she touched a ten-

der chord, for he had nearly worshiped the bright little fellow. He would give thousands of dollars to see him again as he used to play about the house and yard. He stood a few moments in deep thought, and then said,

"I cannot allow my mind to be diverted again. I have tried worldly religion, natural religion, and almost every thing else, and I see no permanent help only in the true gospel of Jesus Christ. As to spiritualism, I believe there is something in it ; the devil is in it. The whole system is one of deception. Its votaries are either deceivers or are under a strong delusion. I would like to see the little boy again as he used to be, but if he came back to earth as a companion of spirit mediums, tipping over chairs, rapping on windows, or writing on slates, for the amusement of the curious, I do not care to greet him ; I prefer to think of him before the throne of God, with the angels, chanting the praises of the Great King. I cannot believe his happy spirit would return to earth to engage in sleight of hand performances. God has given us one revelation. Any other revelation must be accompanied by a 'Thus saith the Lord ;' and further, it must agree with the first one given, since God cannot disagree with himself. Spiritualism seeks to destroy the divinity of Christ. It would overthrow the sanctity of the marriage relation. It teaches spiritual affinities, and any system which advocates that a married man may have a stronger affinity for another man's wife, or for a maiden, than he has for his own wife, is of the devil. I prefer the word of God to the word of a disembodied spirit. Under the old dispensation, intercourse between the living and the dead was

prohibited under penalty of death. [See Ex. xxii. 18; Jer. xix. 31; xx. 6—27; Deut. xviii. 10—14.] It is only when people lose their faith in Christ that they seek communion with the dead. The system is one of necromancy and demonism. When the Lord left Saul, he sought a familiar spirit, and when the Lord leaves any one they go to destruction. These disembodied spirits do not speak in harmony with the Bible, nor in harmony with each other. Some deny revelation, some affirm it to be true. ‘To the law and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this word it is because there is no light in them.’ (Isa. viii. 20.) I shall not grace the seance with my presence.”

“W-e-l-l, remember, husband, once we tried to leave the city on the Compromise Line, and we came home very much dissatisfied.”

“I mean to attend the gospel meeting to-night, and would like your company,” said Transgressor.

“Remember,” said she, “the Compromise failure, and the terrible disaster. The Celestial train may break through at the same gorge.”

Notwithstanding her objections, when he was ready to go to meeting she accompanied him. As they entered, the congregation were singing. The man of God preached from the words, “Behold now is the accepted time,” and urged the necessity of immediate action in reference to the salvation of the soul. In closing, he said, “There is no time in which God promises salvation save the present. Men attend to temporal matters in the present, but the interests of the soul are postponed indefinitely. Perishable things first, imperishable ones afterwards. When one is left at the depot there is no alternative but to wait for another

train. The last gospel train, with many of you, will go very soon. Time passed never returns; none can stop its flight. The engineer may reverse the steam, put down the brakes, and stop the train; but no man can reverse the wheels of time or check it in its rapid flight. After the last sand has run out in the hour-glass, it may be inverted and it will run another hour; but when the last sand of your probation runs out there is no inverting the glass and trying it over. The spectacle of a lady floating over the sea in a boat asleep, her pearl necklace hanging over the edge of the boat, and one pearl after another slipping off into the deep, aptly represents the sinner's condition. He is asleep, conscience unaroused, and one opportunity after another is dropping. Oh, how soon the last pearl will be gone. Make haste to seek Christ ere it is too late, and God bless you. Amen."

Going out of the church they were met by Proselytus, whose business it was to turn the attention of converts and serious-minded people to "*his church.*" He was one of the number who "compass sea and land to make one proselyte." Alas for professed Christians when they work more for "*my church*" than they do for Christ. Transgressor treated him courteously, but his mind was too much engrossed with other things to pay much attention to him.

XII.

AT THE CELESTIAL DEPOT.

Next morning the carriage was at the door. "We shall return before night," remarked Mrs.

Transgressor as she was arranging her toilet. "Shall we take the children?" she continued.

"Certainly," said he; "we have one gone before, and this morning I persuaded the older children to accompany us; we will all board the same train."

It was a beautiful morning as they rode to the depot. The oppression had become so great in the city that a large number were at the station. Some were a little surprised to see Transgressor's carriage rolling towards the Celestial depot. His partners looked askance as he passed the store; but he was now intent on eternal life, and was willing to humble himself. For what did the Son of God descend into the Valley of Humiliation? He left his throne of light and glory, came to earth, was born in a manger, lived an humble life, and was crucified, that man might go through the gates of pearl in all his pride! *No!* a thousand times no. Think of the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, and the Prince of Peace, becoming so weak he is cradled in the arms of feeble woman, that he might bring salvation to a lost world. The gospel is so lowly and simple that it is overlooked by the masses. It says to man in his pride what Jesus said to the man in the tree, "Come down." Zaccheus came down, and Jesus went home and abode with him. And he will go and abide with every one who humbles himself, and who will admit the King. Oh, what a chasm between Christ in heaven and Christ in the manger; what a distance from the throne to the cross. The world overlooked Jesus in his humiliation, and they will not applaud the individual who identifies himself with Christ in his lowliness. What destroyed the

angels? Pride. What blasts the spirituality of many professed Christians? Sinful pride.

It is said that every child found begging in the streets of Munich is arrested and carried to a charitable institution. When he enters, his portrait is painted, in his ragged dress, precisely as he was found begging. When his education is finished in the establishment, his portrait is given him, and he promises by an oath to keep it all his life, in order that he may be reminded of the abject condition from which he has been rescued, and of the obligations to the institution which saved him from misery and gave him the means by which he might avoid it in the future. Are you a disciple of Christ, and tempted to pride? "Look unto the rock whence ye are hewn, and to the hole of the pit whence ye are digged." (Isa. li. 1.)

Many who had been attending the meetings on Penitent Avenue were at this station with smiling faces. A few Scribes and Pharisees who had concluded to abandon their hollow forms of worship, were there. The hypocrite came, who though he had succeeded in entering the visible church, could not procure a ticket without open confession and thorough repentance. Dives drove down to the station; he had been near the gates of death; his physicians feared he would not rally permanently. He alighted from his coach in great pomp, and Naaman-like, expected the ticket agent would come out and pay him great respect. The officials of this railroad, however, took no more notice of him than they would of a common peasant. Dives had become alarmed at the financial condition of the city. Should he remain, he was afraid he would lose his immense fortune through

some financial crash. The longer he lived, the more penurious he became. His coachman assisted him to the ticket office, where he enquired the price of a through ticket to the Holy City, and was promptly told by the genial agent, "He that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple." (Luke xiv. 33.) "Alas," mused he, "I have loved my money more than my God." And this truth flashed upon his mind, "I have been an idolater." The By-Laws of the Celestial Railroad said, "The idolater shall not inherit the kingdom of God." Dives stood meditating—"Can I love Jesus more than all else? Can I worship the Lord alone? How true those words, 'The love of money is the root of all evil.'

The keen-eyed agent, discerning his thoughts, said to him, "Go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven, and come and follow me." (Mat. xix. 21.) Dives looked at the "strait gate," at the humble company who had passed through and were seated in the train, and then his proud heart sent him away, "sorrowful, for he had great possessions."

"It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God"—not because riches in themselves are wrong, but because men make their riches their God. It is not the legitimate acquirement of wealth, nor its possession that is sinful; it is the loving it more than we do our Maker that makes us idolaters. This man was so covetous he would build his barns larger rather than give to the starving poor around him. The agent saw that his money stood in his way, hence gave him the above advice. Many a man will chase the roll-

ing dollar clear to the mouth of hell, and run right in after it. Dives ordered his coachman to drive to the Compromise Station. Here the ticket agent came out and greeted him with his politest bow, and escorted him to the ticket office. Here they had respect of persons. Dives succeeded in purchasing a ticket at a reduced rate, and the agent gave him the best seat in a palace car. Many nabobs drove down to the Celestial Depot, but on learning the regulations of the company, whirled away to the Compromise Station. However, some men of wealth who came to this depot regarded the salvation of the soul as paramount to every other consideration, and paying the price, procured tickets and boarded the train. All were required to pass through the "strait gate," which was easily done after tickets were procured. The train stood waiting. The manly form of the conductor, and the smiling faces of the passengers, encouraged Transgressor's heart. The gospel engine was very attractive, a masterpiece of workmanship, very strong and finely proportioned. It created no dust nor smoke, and was moved by an unseen power.

"I came here," said Inquisitive, "to take the train, but would like to understand everything about the locomotive before starting. I see no power in the engine; I wish some one would fully explain this mysterious piece of mechanism before I step on board."

"We have not time to explain everything," said the depot master; if you wish to ride, buy your ticket and get aboard. The Directors of the road are infallible; you are already a believer in unseen powers and unseen forces."

Inquisitive. How so?

Depot Master. Did you ever see gravitation ?
Inquisitive. No.

Depot Master. And yet you would not deny that there is such a power at work in nature ? You never saw the air you breathe ; you cannot see steam ; it is not visible until it becomes condensed in some degree. The power that moves this great gospel train is unseen, but because you cannot see it, and understand it, is no proof that it is not able to carry you safely to the Holy City. You will have all eternity to—

“ All aboard !” rang through the station ; the whistle blew, the train was off, and Inquisitive was left—as also were Transgressor and his family, who had been listening to the conversation.

The power of the gospel of Christ may be felt, though it cannot be seen ; to refuse to test it because we cannot fully explain all about it is as unwise as it would be to refuse the sunshine because we cannot explain every mystery in connection with the sun’s shining.

There were no baggage cars on the Celestial Line ; no baggage of any kind could be carried through the “ strait gate.” Many overload themselves in traveling. Think of a lady with a large satchel, a small valise, a shawl-strap, a basket, bird-cage, band-box, umbrella and poodle dog, trying to board the cars. It is far more respectable (?) to travel with a dirty poodle than with a fine healthy baby. Many attempt to board the gospel train as heavily laden with their sins as these fashionables are with their trappings, when the plain command is, “ Lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us.” The tickets were clear type, and more beautiful than the Compro-

mise tickets, while the signature bore unmistakable evidence of being that of the King of Kings. Over the agent's window were to be seen these notices :

“ FARE, THY SINS.”

“ ONE PRICE, AND NO DEVIATION.”

“ NO FREE PASSES.”

Mercantile houses often flourish the sign, “ One Price, and No Deviation,” and yet they sometimes vary for friends ; but at this office no variation in price could ever be made. Here, bishop, layman, millionaire and pauper all met on a level. Many tried in vain to secure a small reduction. Some wished a ticket as far as Peace Station, desiring the consolations of the gospel without its purity. Others would go if they could get a “stop-over” ticket ; while others still wished to go simply as an experiment. All such were promptly refused tickets.

Transgressor and family purchased tickets, and started to pass the “ strait gate.” They left all their sins, which were carried away and placed in a huge pile to be burned up with refiners’ fire. On the face of the ticket could be read :

<p>GREAT CELESTIAL LINE FROM EARTH TO HEAVEN. ISSUED TO..... <i>Good for One Continuous Passage.</i></p>
--

“ Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou
shalt be saved.”

KING OF KINGS.

And on the back—

N. B.—*This Ticket not Transferable.*

“ HAVE FAITH IN GOD.”

“Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.”—JESUS.

By the phrase “Through Ticket,” the Company did not mean that the holder would reach heaven unconditionally, irrespective of his conduct after purchasing a ticket. By breaking the rules, the passenger forfeited his ride. The great condition of salvation is *faith*, and the condition upon which the believer will be finally rewarded is faithfulness, even unto death. We might as well say, “Once rich, always rich,” as to adopt the old adage, “Once in grace, always in grace.” Every-day experience demonstrates, that a man who is rich may, by carelessness, become poor, and one who is poor, may, by industry and economy, become wealthy; so men *may* backslide, but they *need* not. Jesus does not propose to save us beyond the possibility of backsliding, but beyond the probability of it. If we cling to our tickets, heaven is ours. “Wherefore the rather, brethren, give diligence to make your calling and election sure, for if ye do these things ye shall never fall.” (2 Peter i. 10.) We are not elected from all eternity, but we are to make our own election sure. If it be already “decreed,” why the exhortation “to make it sure?” Every man elects himself to eter-

nal life, or eternal death. As the passengers came to the gate their tickets were thoroughly scanned, since parties were continually endeavoring to pass fraudulent tickets ; none but those having the genuine stamp would pass. There was only one "strait gate," through which all must go. We have not one route to heaven for the rich, and another for the poor ; but one route for all.

Over-Cautious had come to the station to induce *Transgressor* to return. "I fear," said he, "you will find this route as unsafe as the Compromise Line, which you once tried. Many that start on this route, after traveling for some distance, lose their tickets and return. You will be back in a few days. There are tumults, deep gorges, and wild beasts along the route ; also giants, which I have been told 'eat up' the passengers, (Numbers xiii. 32.) Further, I think it is a dull and gloomy road to travel."

Transgressor. Possibly the people to whom you refer had more trials after leaving the train than they would have had by remaining on board.

Over-Cautious. I doubt it ; I would not dare risk my reputation by an identification with the cause of Christ, nor rest my eternal salvation upon the mere promises of the Bible. But here comes *Wanderer*, who returned some time ago. Let us ask him about the matter.

"Oh," said the latter, as he pressed toward the "strait gate," "I have tried this line ; I lost my ticket in the hour of temptation. There was no necessity for it, as 'God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able, but will with the temptation also make a way to escape.' (1 Cor. x. 13.) Since then

I have been over and tried the Compromise Line ; have tested almost everything in the City of Sin of a reformatory character, and have at last returned to this road. I had trials on this line, but some one to help me bear them. On the other route I had to endure them alone. Here I had light in the darkness, and peace when the tempest raged without. At the Penitent Avenue meeting the other evening I heard about the Prodigal Son. It aroused me, and I must board the next train. There is nothing so solid as the thirty thousand promises in the Guide-Book of this Company. They are correctly called, 'exceeding great and precious promises.' The road-bed is solid, the rails are the best free grace extension, and never break. I could enter no just complaints against the conductor, cars or route. I listened to the voice of the tempter. It is written, 'Resist the devil and he will flee from you.' I failed to heed this injunction, and am now in haste ; please let me pass through."

As Transgressor and family started towards the gate, Over-Cautious tried again to pull him back, but Transgressor tore himself from his pretended friend, and with his family boarded the train.

Sometimes old tickets were presented at the gate, but all such were promptly rejected, and the holder of them sent to the ticket office to purchase new ones. The ticket agent said that the Bishop might smile approvingly upon their old tickets, but he could not honor them. Before boarding the train Transgressor heard of the fate of Impetuosity, who had left the Celestial Line poster in such great haste. On reaching this station and ascertaining the price of a ticket, he had gone

over to the Compromise Road, and leaving the city he was killed in the Tribulation Gorge disaster. Instability boarded the train just before it started. On entering the cars they found them clean, light and airy. This surprised some, who expected they would have a sombre appearance. This expectation may have been the result of the severe scrutinizing received at the "strait gate," or from the dejected appearance of many professed Christians in the City of Sin. There was not even the shadow of gloominess about the train. The lightest, brightest and most cheery place this side of the twelve gates of pearl is within the sacred precincts of the gospel. Everything about the train was clean and fresh in appearance. Though the line had been in successful operation for ages, no evidences of wear could be discovered. It was perfect. The sound of the hammer was never heard testing the wheels, as they were guaranteed by the Divine Government to run until the end of the world. Within the cars were mottoes like these :

"And the ransomed of the LORD shall return and come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads ; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." (Isa. xxxv. 10.)

"Be of good cheer, for I have overcome the world."

"Passengers please cling to their tickets."

Some were singing, and all were happy in the Lord.

XIII.

THE START.

“All aboard!” cried the conductor, Mercy, who was beautiful in form and symmetrical in appearance. Again the clarion notes rang through the station, “All aboard.” Then the silver notes of the bell were heard, and they fell on the ears of the passengers like the sound of heavenly music.

This train was very long and heavily loaded, but the gospel engine pulled it out of the station with perfect ease. Reaching the suburbs of the city, the countenances of the passengers somewhat changed, for they heard the sound of mighty thunderings. A few were frightened, and stepping from the train walked back to the station. Timid started from his seat, but his fears were calmed when the train man smilingly said, “Be quiet, we never have any accidents on this line. The noise you hear is the thundering of Sinai. This will cease when we come in sight of Calvary, which is only a few miles ahead. Justice clamors loudly for satisfaction, and would, if possible, prevent the train from leaving the city. He would long ago have consigned the whole city to flames but for the interference of Mercy.” A great cloud rolled down upon them from Sinai’s summit, and the train was enveloped in smoke from the burning mountain. “Fear not,” said the conductor, “I have met the claims of Justice in the sacrifice of Christ upon the cross—let not your hearts be troubled.”

Fearful leaped from the train as it passed the mountain, and was struck by lightning. Instabil-

ity declared he would stop at the first station. Some, yielding to temptation, lost their tickets, while a great number continuing steadfast in prayer, came off victors. The train soon emerged from the smoke, the clouds rolled away, and there stood before them, in all its sacredness, Mount Calvary. Upon it was the cross, while over it in unspeakable grandeur hovered the Shekinah. The Son of God stepped forth from the cloud of glory, appearing only for a moment, as he said with all the tenderness of a Saviour's love, "Thy sins be forgiven thee."

Many expected to find Calvary a very tall mountain, towering above all the surrounding hills, and were a little surprised at its diminutiveness. It was the cross, the cloud of glory, and the Son of God that made that mountain great. While the literal Calvary is a small hill, yet it rises in superlative grandeur above all other mountains of the earth on account of the scenes which have transpired on its sacred summit. The literal mountain is a small hill; the spiritual mountain towers far above Sinai—far above the highest peaks of human philosophy and worldly wisdom. On Calvary Christ fought the great battle with sin, death and hell. He cleared the field, and planted his own standard there. He filled the mountain with divine power for the elevation of a fallen world. Well may the Christian sing,

"Jesus, the name high over all
In hell, or earth, or sky."

Engraved in the rock at the base of the mountain were these words :

"For ye are not come unto the mount that might be touched, and that burned with fire, nor unto blackness, and darkness, and

tempest, * * * But ye are come unto mount Sion and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel."—(Heb. xii. 18—24.)

The thunders of Sinai revealed God's hatred of sin; the scenes of Calvary, his love to man. Blackness and tempest were symbols of grief; but we are not come to these terrors of the law. Every good thing is enhanced by contrast. The light is brighter to eyes that have wept in darkness; food is sweeter after we have known the pangs of hunger. In the words above quoted are held up in strong contrast the Old and New Dispensations. We are not come to the tempest of the law, but to the quietness and assurance of the gospel.

In passing Calvary they also saw issuing therefrom a stream of blood. "That," said the conductor, "is 'the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness.' It is written, 'Without the shedding of blood there is no remission.' (Heb. ix. 22.) Without this stream we should be consumed in attempting to pass Sinai. It quenches its fires, and renders it possible for the pilgrims to pass in safety. Without this stream we could not reach the first station out from the city. Indeed, without the blood the line could never have been built, since there is no salvation only through the blood of the crucified one. Man cannot pardon himself; God cannot pardon by prerogative; there is no provision in the law for his pardon; Justice must be satisfied, and his claims are fully met in the sacrificial offering of the Son of God."

The lines running parallel with this road began to diverge just before reaching Sinia, and the divergence increased until they were lost to sight. The competing roads, the Laodicean, Compromise, Universalist and Romish, were unable to lay their tracks past Sinia; they were compelled to go around, while the Celestial line maintained a direct course to the City of God.

Passing Calvary they were fast leaving the City of Sin in the distance, now gliding over a plain and again beside a mountain towering in its grandeur, and then along the banks of the River of Life that sparkled in the clear sunlight.

The first stop was at Peace Station. The depot was decorated with mottoes such as :

“Now we have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins.”—(Col. 1-13.)

“Great peace have they which love thy law and nothing shall offend them.”—(Psa. cxix-165.)

Here the conductor slipped into Transgressor’s hand a “white stone” with a “new name” written thereon. No more was he to be called Transgressor but Tranquil—and opening the Guide Book he was comforted by reading these words:

“Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled neither let it be afraid.”—(John xiv-27.)

Tranquil’s burden was gone. He had found the peace which the City of Sin with all its boasted glory could not afford.

XIV.

ENSNARED AND DELIVERED.

It was nearly dark when the train entered the Plains of Enchantment and came to a station called Temptation. Seductio stood on the platform with a throng of enticing beings. By every possible device he sought to arrest the attention of the passengers and induce them to tarry for the night: "Come with us," said Seductio, "and on the morrow we will show you the wonders of this beautiful region. Tribulation Gorge is a little ahead; the Plains of Persecution are still farther on; you need some recreation before passing these places; come and we will lead you among these winding paths, beside beautiful streams, and into forests where there are birds of the most beautiful plumage, and of the sweetest song. Just over the brow of yon hill is a refreshing spring, while in yon arbor is to be heard the sweetest music that ever fell upon the ear of man." Some listened to the fairy tale; listening, they became charmed. Strange to say, among the number was Tranquil and his family. The longer they listened the more the desire crept over them just to stop for the night. Curiosity was aroused; there was no danger in sight. This was apparently a delightful region. On the platform were some of Tranquil's old friends, who had driven across the country from the Compromise Line to induce him to change routes. Others were there to urge him to return to the City of Sin. "A little variation from the rules of the company surely could not result in serious consequences," mused Tranquil. I can stop

off and take the train on the morrow." He stepped to the platform. The conductor warned him concerning the promises of Seductio. "There are some trials ahead and yet remaining on board you will have joy in the midst of them. You will very much regret it if you stop over." As Tranquil and family stepped from the car Seductio and his associates hurried them away from the station. The bell rang; the train went, and with it Tranquil's peace and happiness. Seductio and his talkative companions kept up an incessant chattering in order to divert the minds of the wanderers. They led the little band farther and farther away from the station, picturing before them the pleasure they would experience in this region—pointing out the Palace of Pleasure, where gay beings could be seen constantly going in and out. In every direction were laughing groups taking deep drafts from the springs of worldly happiness. The Palace of Pleasure was an imposing edifice. It had a gorgeous entrance adorned with statuary and brilliant with colored lights. Within was the most bewitching music. The exit of the palace was a dark, narrow way leading into fields where swine were kept.

Tranquil's soul had once tasted of the Water of Life, and he could find nothing in this gay realm to satisfy him.

After leading the little group on for some distance, Seductio directed them over the brow of a small hill, where he said could be found a very refreshing spring. As they moved on the atmosphere grew very foul, and on reaching the summit instead of the promised spring they discovered an old graveyard, where lay many corpses still un-

buried, and on which birds of prey were feasting. These were some of Seductio's victims. Tranquil turned to look for his guide; he was gone. The group were left alone. Oh, how they had been deceived. Instead of beautiful birds singing in the forests around them, all manner of disagreeable beasts were there, which became visible only as one neared the woods. Everywhere were traps and snares skillfully laid. Tranquil picked up a fine looking package marked diamonds, only to find within coarse sand. Everything here was falsely labeled. How often the world promises as much, and performs as little as the tomb of Semiramis. After building a stately tomb she had this inscription placed upon it: "Whosoever being shall succeed here and want money let him open this tomb and he shall have enough to serve his turn." Darius afterwards opened it and met with this sharp reproof: "Unless thou hadst been extremely covetous and greedy of filthy lucre thou wouldst not have opened the grave of the dead to look for money." These wanderers tried to retrace their steps, but every effort to find the Railroad Station only plunged them into greater confusion. On they went until reaching a dark valley they heard heavy groans and deep drawn sighs. Here Seductio appeared again, but this time with his mask removed. Tranquil begged their betrayer to conduct them back to the depot. "Ah," he said, "you are in my power. I never direct anyone from my dominions." Then with a fiendish smile he fled from their presence, and they saw him no more. Through the darkness they could just discern a fearful chasm down which many had been hurled by the seducer of souls.

Seductio, on leaving them, again assumed his fairy garb and might be seen standing on the platform of the station, waiting to trap others. The night grew darker; the lost ones were without a guide and in a deceptive region; they became more and more bewildered. The distant whistle of the Celestial train only added to their sorrow and remorse. A storm of wind and rain broke upon them. They wandered into a thicket. The terrible burden of guilt came back upon them with all its crushing weight. They fell into a miry place. Loud and long they cried for help. A light approached, whether friend or foe was coming they knew not. It might be some of their tempter's accomplices to bury them alive in that horrid place. Monitor, attracted by their cries, came near and said: "What is the matter?"

"Oh, help us out quick; we are sinking, dying—oh—come—help—quick—oh—"

Monitor reached down his strong arm and lifted them out one by one.

Monitor. How came you here?

Tranquil. We started from the City of Sin by the Celestial Road; we listened to the siren voice of Seductio and lost our way; we tried everything in the City of Sin in order to find happiness and failed; we left the city, obtained forgiveness, and now that is gone, and we are lost in this wilderness. Can you not direct us back to the station?

Monitor. Surely you did not obey the directions of the Guide Book. This warned you that it was unsafe to stop off anywhere on the way. Leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ; you should have gone on unto perfection.

Tranquil. But Seductio said trials were ahead of us."

Monitor. Yes, but you have encountered greater ones by disobedience. Remaining on the train you would have had an omnipotent power to sustain you, and been in no danger. Now you are in a dangerous region. *Seductio* leads souls from the train, but leaves them to breast their own trials. He is Satan's agent, and like him will get us into trouble, but never help us out. The Celestial Company take good care of all its passengers in time of trial. Did *Seductio* accompany you to this bog?

Tranquil. Oh no—he left us some time since.

Monitor. Yes, indeed. He dare not come very near my residence when I am at home. Had I been absent he would have plunged you all into that terrible chasm whence come those horrid groans.

Tranquil. But can you not take us back to the station?

Monitor. The night is dark. The path is winding and the dangers are many. I will take you to my residence to tarry until morning.

The forlorn company followed their guide to his home. Here they washed and partook of refreshments. During the evening *Tranquil* related his experience before leaving the City of Sin. He retired, but not to rest. The thought of his fall harassed him all the night long.

“I suppose the Conductor will receive us again,” said he at the breakfast table.

Monitor. Yes, upon a full confession of your folly and your pledge never to stop over again. It is written in the Company's by-laws: “If any man sin we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous.” (1 John, ii. 1.) This regu-

lation is not intended as an apology for sin, or as an encouragement to one to continue in sin. This law is the outgrowth of God's mercy,—it is a provisional clause for any who may possibly yield to temptation. It is inserted as an encouragement to those who do fall not to stay away from Christ, but to return and seek his pardoning favor at once.

Early in the morning Monitor and his repentant group, greatly mortified by their disobedience, could be seen returning to the station. Seductio and his accomplices, arrayed in their fine garb, were there, and of course jeered as they saw Tranquil. The latter had learned by sad experience the truth of the prophet's words: "THEY THAT OBSERVE LYING VANITIES FORSAKE THEIR OWN MERCY." (Jonah ii. 8.) They would return to him who said, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." (John vi. 37.) In attempting to board the train they were unexpectedly hindered by the conductor, who demanded their tickets. Many drove around Sinai and Calvary by private hacks, and would attempt to get on the cars here. Bribes were often tendered the conductor, but all these were promptly refused. The great projector of the road had declared, "He that entereth not by the door into the sheep-fold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber." (John x. 1.)

"We have lost our tickets," said Tranquil, greatly embarrassed, "but we came up over this road, and listening to the voice of the tempter, stepped off. We are here to confess and forsake our sins, and beg to be received once more," and the whole family wept over their folly.

“ Their tickets were stolen from them by Seduction,” said Monitor, who tarried to see them safely off.

“ But will you not receive us ?” implored Tranquil.

Conductor. Certainly, if ever hereafter you will cling to the train and obey the rules.” He produced clean white tickets, underscoring the words, “ *Have faith in God.*” He also said, “ Let this be a warning to you ; never listen to anything but a ‘ Thus saith the Lord,’ in regard to duty ; look ever to Jesus, and he will carry you through.”

Multitudes start well on the Christian journey, but listening to some siren song, are led away from the path of righteousness. The enemy of our souls will often outreason us. He will not leave until with determination we say, “ Get thee behind me, Satan.” The little child cries to go with its mother who is leaving home. She may try to appease it with play-things, but no sooner is she out of the door than baby cries again. This world cries to go with us, it will not be appeased. The only thing to do is to shut the door in its face, and go on. Peace returned to the hearts of this family, and they journeyed on with great delight.

XV.

CELESTIAL SPRINGS.

The region around Celestial Springs was luxurious with vegetation, and the landscape looked as fresh as a lawn after a June shower. There was no deception here. The pleasures were not fancied, but real. The water gushed clear from the

great rocks on the right. On the left was the most beautiful valley the passengers had seen. Nearing the station, angels thronged the air, while heavenly voices chanted the words, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." The train stopped; the passengers refreshed themselves with the cooling draughts, but were warned to remain near the station, as enchanted grounds lay beyond the great rocks.

"This is the water of life," said the angel who guarded the spring; "they that drink of these waters shall live forever. Eighteen centuries ago, when the builder of this road passed this way, he opened this spring, and said he did it that the passengers 'might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly.' (John x. 10.) Cards were given the passengers, containing an analysis of the water; and instead of reading such a per cent. of iron, sulphur, magnesia, &c., they discovered that the water contained a large per cent. of love, peace, joy, with quite a trace of charity and long-suffering. "The springs," continued the angel, "that bring soul satisfaction, are not to be found on any other than the Celestial Line. Lovers of pleasure in the City of Sin have sometimes put their fortunes into one expensive draught, and failed to be satisfied. Many a man has put in his money, time, talent, health, body, soul—his all—and quaffed the cup only to be intoxicated with worldly pleasure for the hour, and then more dissatisfied than ever, go reeling into eternal darkness. The Celestial Springs bring life and health and peace to the soul."

At this station Tranquil bought the *Celestial Railroad Times*.

Celestial Railroad Times.

LEAVING THE CITY.

The Number of Passengers Leaving the City of Sin by the Various Routes Increasing Daily—The City Becomes More and More Corrupt—Life and Property are Unsafe—Rum, Romanism and the Devil are Engaged in a Bitter War Against Orthodox Christians—Mob Law Rules, and the City is Doomed—Some Infidels are Leaving by the Celestial Railroad.

BY TELEGRAPH.

[SPECIAL TO THE CELESTIAL RAILROAD TIMES.]

Dives' Fate.

Some time since Dives left the city on the Compromise Line. His health was very poor. He tried in vain to carry his stocks and bonds over the River Jordan, but was compelled to leave them and they proved a rich plunder to the Compromise Company. The last time heard from he was calling in vain for a drop of water to cool his parched tongue. He sent a message of warning to his "five brethren" who are living in the city. They would be glad to assist him, but are utterly unable to do it.

The Celessial Railroad

Maintain their reputation for promptness, comfort and safety. Everything about the line is in perfect order, and they are succeeding in carrying thousands to the City of God.

Proselytus Killed.

This officious gentleman attended a meeting last evening at Worldly Policy Church. On his way home he got into a row and was killed. Nobody mourns, or extends much sympathy to his surviving children.

Special Correspondence.

To the Pilgrims on the Celestial Line:

DEAR FRIENDS: Having traveled nearly the whole length of the Celestial Railroad, permit me to write a few words of encouragement. The prospect near the journey's end is cheering. I found religion just what I needed when young, and it has been growing better all the way. It is the life of the aged as they

near the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Indeed, "The path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

I have passed through many trials, but have always proved God's grace more than sufficient. My head is gray, my form is bent, my sight is growing dim, but my spiritual vision sees clearly the things that are beyond. Be faithful unto death and all will be well.

FAITHFUL.

—The Bridge on the Universalist Line broke through at the River Jordan, and the passengers failed to reach the Celestial City. Dr. Universalis was on this train.

As Tranquil finished reading, the train entered the Plains of Persecution.

XVI.

PLAINS OF PERSECUTION.

On these plains the passengers saw giants rolling massive rocks up the side of the embankment, struggling in vain to place them on the track.

Here dwelt the haters of God, and on every side could be heard their jeers and ribaldry. Some gnashed their teeth as the train moved on. The Nero spirit fired them, and gladly would they have burned the passengers at the stake. The same enemy worked here that tried before this to lure the passengers from the cars. Here unmasked he endeavored to terrify them. First coax, then drive, first entice, then ridicule, is the policy of Satan. If he cannot lure us from Christ he will open the batteries of hell on us, and it often requires more courage to face these than to face the cannon on the field of battle. A very large and powerful personage was seen moving among the motley throng. He was armed to the teeth and

his eyes flashed fire. He was an old resident. Sometimes he took long naps, but when fully aroused the inhabitants quailed before him. His name was Civil Law. The wicked people would gladly have killed him.

These enemies of Christ could not stop the train, but they would annoy travelers when Civil Law was asleep, or looking the other way. Here were Sabbath breakers, profane men, gamblers, &c. Here also were some professed Christians, Compromise passengers, who had driven across the plain to see the Celestial cars pass. These joined in the persecution of the pilgrims. Among them stood the Angel of the Laodicean Church, and the Rev. Dr. Quietus. Professing to be Christ's, they persecuted his true followers. Jesus said, "Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven." (Matt. v. 20.) The greatest danger to Christianity does not lie in the open attacks of infidelity, but in the inconsistent lives of too many who name the name of Jesus. The greatest opposers to a living Christianity are often found among Christianity's nominal friends. To the infidel who would seek to take advantage of these facts we submit the following :

Question. Did you ever see a counterfeit ten-dollar bill? *Answer.* Yes.

Q. Why was it counterfeited? *A.* Because it was worth counterfeiting.

Q. Was the ten dollar bill to blame? *A.* No.

Q. Did you ever see a scrap of brown paper counterfeited? *A.* No.

Q. Why? *A.* Because it was not worth counterfeiting.

Q. Did you ever see a counterfeit Christian?

A. Yes, lots of them.

Q. Why was he counterfeited? *A.* Because he was worth counterfeiting.

Q. Was he to blame? *A.* No.

Q. Did you ever see a counterfeit infidel? *A.* No, never.

Q. Why?

In this plain once blazed the fires of the Inquisition. Fragments of stakes, fagots and thumb-screws lay scattered around. The Guide Book said, "Yea, and all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution." (2 Timothy, iii. 12.) It also said, "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." (Matt. v. 10.) Sin and holiness are so antagonistic, that it is impossible to live a pure life without provoking opposition somewhere. The offense of the cross has not ceased and will not until the millenial glory dawns upon us. Early Christianity flourished under fierce opposition. Not until Constantine popularized it did it begin to decline. Persecution failed to uproot the church; martyrs flocked around the stake like bees around a hive. The church to-day is endangered more by the encroachments of the world than was the early church under the shot and shell of persecution. The professed church has largely gone after the world. It is said that the equator is an imaginary line dividing the earth into two hemispheres. The difference between the professed church and the world is often something *imaginary*. The true church never marries the world. God has decreed an eternal separation between them, and what God has put asunder let not man join together.

The passengers who obeyed the regulations passed over the plains in safety. The disobedient were wounded by the fiery darts of the devil. The Gospel train is secure ; it cannot be thrown from the track, but alas for those who leap overboard, or who attempt to block its progress, Men may dash out their brains in attempts to demolish the gospel train, but it will move on, bearing faithful Christians safely to the City of God.

XVII.

PENTECOST.

In passing the Plains of Persecution many of the passengers discovered an enemy within. They were still rejoicing in the pardoning grace of God, but found that the "carnal mind" was not entirely removed from their moral natures. Some yielded to this inward foe, lost their tickets, and forfeited their passage. Others clung to their tickets and had peace, but under provocation it was sometimes disturbed by the risings of sin in the soul. Many were tempted to doubt their conversion, or whether indeed they were on the right train. The conductor, however, assured them that there was no mistake, and that after passing Pentecost Station, the inward foe would trouble them no more. He reminded them of the Saviour's words, "And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever." (John xiv. 16.)

"You will," said he, "after passing Pentecost, have a deeper and richer experience than ever. You may be called to endure greater trials and more reproach for the Master, but you will be

abundantly repaid by the increase of peace and joy in the soul. At Conversion we enter the Holy Place, but at Pentecost we enter the Holy of Holies."

There were many switches at Pentecost Station, but none of these side tracks reached the City of God. They ran off into a dense wilderness. No other route could pass this depot. Those who were afraid of the baptism of the Holy Ghost here left the main line and started off on other roads.

Cultivation and human philosophy cannot purify the soul. Sin cannot be grown out of the heart. It must be burned out by Pentecostal fire. The train was running on the merits of the Son of God, and everything accomplished for the Spiritual welfare of the passengers was the direct result of the atoning blood.

Determination said, "This route has brought us thus far in safety, and though it may be crucifying to the natural man to be purified by faith, I shall stay on board and look for and receive the gift of the Holy Ghost."

Some say that we cannot pass this station. That it is impossible to be sanctified in this life. They maintain that the disciples were not converted until the day of Pentecost. I do not believe this. In the tenth of Matthew we read where Jesus sent the twelve out to preach and gave them power to heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, etc. If the disciples were not converted until the day of Pentecost then Jesus sent out unconverted men to preach, and gave unconverted men power over disease. I do not believe Jesus sent unconverted men to preach His gospel.

"But," said Wavering Faith, "What do you

make of Jesus' words to Peter." "And when thou art converted strengthen thy brethren." Do not these words prove that Peter was not converted then and must have been converted at Pentecost?

Determination. Oh, no; these words were spoken to Peter after he had fallen and denied his Lord. The literal rendering of these words is: 'And when thou art restored strengthen thy brethren.' I think we better hold on with unrelenting faith, cling tenaciously to our tickets and the same power that sanctified the disciples will sanctify us.

Stability and others said amen to these words, but Wavering Faith took another route and never returned.

In approaching Pentecost the faith of the passengers was severely tested. As the train stopped in front of a beautiful depot, fire from heaven fell upon them, "And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance."—(Acts ii, 4.) They were melted, moulded and fashioned after the Divine image. The great need of the church to-day is the power that melts and purifies. A heart melted under the power of the Spirit will accomplish much more than one that is not baptized. Wherever melted iron runs there goes a stream of light and heat. A heart under the influence of the Holy Ghost carries light and heat with it. Multitudes of Christians are like old silver coins with date worn off and face obliterated. The only remedy for them is to be melted over and remoulded, and they will come out shining for God. The Pentecostal fire melted out all tormenting fear from the hearts of the passengers. They also lost the fear of what death could do over them—and their hearts

were thrilled with divine power and glory. They rode on through

“A land of corn and wine and oil
Favored with God’s peculiar smile,
And every blessing blest.”

It was a large place, where there was no straightness. (Job xxxvi. 16.) One poet in passing here said:

“I’ve reached the land of corn and wine
And all its riches freely mine,
Here shines undimmed one blissful day
For all my night has passed away.”

Some had almost expected that Pentecost meant chariots of fire, and a sudden translation to heaven. Daniel, with his anointed vision, looking down the ages, exclaimed: “Many shall be purified, and made white and tried.”—(Dan. xii, 10.) The prophet did not say they should be carried to heaven as soon as sanctified. No, they were to remain awhile in this world, and shine as specimens of Christ’s power to save.

The peace experienced in this country was deeper and more abiding than that received at justification. It was peace unmixed with sin, peace like a river, while sometimes “joy unspeakable and full of glory” filled their hearts. They had reached the Niagara of Blessing. An endless panorama unfolded before them. There comes an end to wordly pleasure, but the gospel offers “pleasures for ever more.” (Ps. xvi. 11.) The glory of the Gospel is that there is always more to follow. A man once gave Rowland Hill a hundred pounds to give to a poor minister. Mr. Hill, thinking it was too much to send all at once, forwarded five pounds with these words only in the envelope, “More to

follow." In a few days the good man received another letter containing five pounds with the same note, "And more to follow," and thus the messages continued coming until the whole sum was sent. Every blessing received from God is accompanied with this self-same message, "More to follow." The hundred pounds were soon exhausted. The riches of grace are unlimited. More to follow after conversion, more to follow after sanctification, more to follow to all eternity.

A little girl had been reading the beatitudes and was asked which she should desire most to possess. She replied: "I would rather be pure in heart." When asked why, she said: "Sir, if I could but obtain a pure heart I should then possess all the other good qualities spoken of in this chapter." How true the answer of the child. Holiness is the great central truth of the Gospel of Christ.

We live in an age when the professed church is substituting almost everything else for the power of the Holy Ghost. To-day men substitute quackery for learning, brass for gold, formalism, numbers good works, wealth and learning for that holiness without which no man shall see the Lord. Numbers, learning, and wealth, are good if sanctified to God, and used to His glory. Otherwise they may prove a curse. See the locomotive standing on the track. It don't move. What is the trouble? One says put on new drive wheels and it will run. But the driving wheels are perfect. Another one says put on a silver bell instead of a brass one and it will move, but it remains dead. Paint it a different color. But it does not stir. New drive wheels, silver bells, and new paint cannot take the place of *fire and steam*. So in carrying on church work.

We may have everything else, but if we lack the power of the Holy Spirit, we fail in the most essential point.

Two northern pitmen saw for the first time a locomotive. One said, "How is it to go, there are no horses, it is tons in weight. There are hundreds in the train. It will never move." At last it started, faster and faster it went until the man who said it would never go declared, "It would never stop." Seeing another train coming into the station he resolved to examine into it further. Finally he made a discovery. "Why, Jim, its the *fire that's inside her.*" That is it. If churches are to fulfill their great mission there must be holy fire inside. Nothing else can take its place.

XVIII.

SUSPENSION BRIDGE AT TRIBULATION GORGE.

The word tribulation is from the Latin, tribulum, a Roman threshing instrument which separated the corn from the husks. Tribulatio was primarily the act of this separation. Trouble in itself has no purifying power, but it shows us our weakness and leads us to Christ. Tribulation, or threshing, loosens the chaff in our spiritual nature, grace blows it away.

Tribulation Gorge was a fearful chasm, and unless the passengers looked continually unto Jesus and held on by a persistent faith, they would be seized with a strong desire to leap overboard. Between towering masses of rock thundered a muddy stream. Here and there were floating wrecks of

bridges built by human philosophy. Washed up on the shore could be seen some of the fragments of the Compromise disaster. Many lines tried in vain at different points to construct safe bridges over this gorge and all failed, except the Celestial Company. As no buttresses could be placed in the middle of the stream, it had to be spanned from shore to shore. A divine hand had constructed the Suspension Bridge high over the roaring flood, and it was absolutely safe. The immense cables supporting it were made out of the exceeding great and precious promises found in the Guide Book. As the train neared the station, at the end of the bridge, loud cries could be heard.

“Change cars for the City of God!” “Shorter Route to Heaven!” “Suspension Bridge Unsafe!” “Carry you over by Ferry!” &c., &c.

These criers furiously urged the passengers to take the roads or boats they represented. Steadfast paid little attention to the confusion. He had learned that one who is always changing his mind never makes progress in anything. Many do not believe one thing long enough to get saved. A tree that is transplanted every day will cease to grow. An individual who is constantly changing doctrines will fail to reach heaven. The great question is not whether a doctrine is beautiful or not, but is it true? If it be true, we should stand by it despite opposition.

Flattery addressed the passengers through the car windows. Fickle Mind listened and took another route, and was wrecked.

Over the noise and confusion could be heard the clear voice of the Conductor saying, “*Believe not every spirit, but try the spirits, whether they are of*

God, because many false prophets are gone out into the world." (John iv. 1.)

Flattery, Craftiness, and Sharp Eye, kept very busy. Flattery was most successful. He seemed to understand better how to touch the weak points in human nature. Smiling, he approached a window where sat a young lady. He complimented her beauty and finally told her that neither her loveliness nor ability were appreciated on that train.

He said that the Celestial Road was not very popular ; that she could reach heaven on a line which did not require so much self-denial. He succeeded in puffing her with pride, and soon Flattery could be seen assisting her to board a train headed in another direction. The Celestial passengers urged her to return, but this was difficult, as Flattery kept a keen eye on his victims. If the enemy cannot ruin God's children by persecution he will do his best to blow them up with pride. He approached a minister, an earnest worker. He reminded him of his increasing popularity, of his ability as a speaker, and his intellectual endowments, and finally said, "If you will follow me I will lead you into greater favor and where you can be more instrumental in leading men to Christ." Flattery succeeded ; the minister changed cars, but no sooner was he seated than the bell was pulled and the train whirled out of sight.

Flattery tried Nehemiah of old and failed. Would that all ministers had the same courage to resist this enemy.

Craftiness affirmed that the bridge was unsafe, that it sagged when heavy trains passed over it.

He would take any who feared to trust it over on a ferry, after which they could again resume their journey on the Celestial Road. He had a fine looking boat lying at the dock and said he could carry over a multitude at once. The bridge, suspended over the awful gorge, hardly seemed safe. The train was heavily loaded, Distrust and a number of his relatives descended and took passage on the boat. Craftiness steamed into the middle of the cataract and threw all his passengers into the angry waters. These doubted God's word and perished.

Sharp Eye induced some to board his train and take what he termed a safer route. He said if the passengers succeeded in crossing the gorge in safety the country beyond was full of robbers. His car was no sooner loaded than he ran it off into a wilderness, and it was never heard from again.

The bell rang. The Celestial train moved slowly upon the bridge. Some trembled, but the bridge never quivered. It was as firm as the solid rock of the road bed. While passing over the dreadful chasm, the angel of Death seized one of Tranquil's little ones and hastened it on to the Heavenly world. The family wept, but their faith remained firm. They had one more treasure in the great city. Earthly subtraction became heavenly addition. They had read in the Guide-Book the words of Jesus, "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." (John xvi. 33.) The same book also spoke of some who had reached the City of God, of whom it was said, "These are they which came out of great tribulation and have washed their

robes and made them white in the blood of the lamb." (Rev. vii. 14.) On reaching the other side, instead of finding a dismal realm, filled with wild beasts and robbers, they entered a beautiful region, a place of broad rivers and streams; angels hovered around to strengthen them for the remainder of their journey.

The train dashed on toward the Mountain of Difficulty, where the road seemed to terminate. Suddenly it shot into dense darkness, but the lamp which had been lit before reaching Safety Tunnel shone brightly, so the passengers had light in the darkness. Reason's lamp will not burn in the Tunnel of Trial, but God's children always have light in the darkness. Emerging in the clear sunshine on the other side, they were once more reassured of the security of their route. Faith in God will bring us safely through life's dark places.

XIX.

THE ANGEL OF LIGHT.

This deceptive personage appeared at first alone, following the train, but his accomplices were soon with him. He was apparently arrayed in white. A close observer, however, could notice that his robes were very much soiled. "Holiness unto the Lord" was written on his brow. He met with his greatest success at the next depot—Sore Temptation. The corruption of his nature was not easily discernible. He feigned great interest in the spiritual welfare of the passengers. Approaching a tempted soul, he would often say, "I can lead you to an elevation in the realm of grace where you will have no temptation. Come with me and I

will guide you by a more direct route to the Holy City."

Some he tried to puff with spiritual pride and self-conceit. He told others that the Lord having in the past tested their obedience in the renunciation of their idols, they might now with safety have them returned if they desired. "God saw," said this deceiver, "that in seeking him you were willing to part with these things for his sake, and now you may have them again and yet reach the City of God. See yon mountains! There is nestled among those towering peaks a city where the inhabitants are saved above all temptation. By visiting it you may reach such an exalted state as never to feel the tempter's power again. You may also have restored anything you have forsaken and finally have an abundant entrance into heaven." Tranquil could not harmonize the statements of the smooth-tongued personage. How could a soul be saved *from* temptation so long as exposed *to* temptation? The Guide-Book promised no salvation from temptation outside the City of God. It offered salvation from sin on earth and eternal salvation from sin and temptation in the world to come. Again, how could one be required to separate himself from his idols at the "strait gate" in order to obtain salvation, and now have these things returned to him and retain any degree of saving grace?

Besides, he knew that the Master when on earth "was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." (Heb. iv. 15.) He also read in the Guide-Book, "The disciple is not above his master, nor the servant above his Lord." (Matt. x. 24.) He concluded if any were saved above all tempta-

tion in this life, they must have reached a state of delusion—the devil's common. Salvation from sin is promised in this life, but salvation from temptation pertains only to the heavenly world.

Infallibility was subject to very strong impressions which he did not always stop to compare with the Guide-Book. Indeed, he read it but little, and seldom tried the spirit by its teachings. He claimed that inasmuch as he was led by the Spirit of God he could make no mistake. Following impressions without due discretion, he was easily captured by the Angel of Light, and left the train at his first invitation. Simple, Weak Mind, Self Exaltation and Self Complacency soon followed. Tranquil, who had discovered the cloven foot of the Angel of Light, warned all these of their danger, but they were hurried off to the city of False Illumination. The Angel soon returned to decoy others, but the news of the cloven foot discovery had spread through the train, and he met with poor success. The sky blackened with clouds; night came on and the darkness was intense. The same lamps which burned so brightly in Safety Tunnel shone clearly now, while a sweet voice came from above saying,

“Trust ye in the Lord forever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.” (Isa. xxvi. 4.)

Evil angels thronged the air, their wings clicking against the window panes. Angel of Light had sent them to drive those into despair whom he could not lure from the train. Returning day brought them to Sunrise Station. Here the birds sang sweetly, and the fields were dressed in living green. The passengers felt they were nearing the City of God, and their hearts were greatly re-

freshed. On the steps of the depot stood a happy group chanting

“Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.”

These passengers were not victims of some delusion; they were not chasing a shadow, but were pushing on after eternal life.

Some time after, they learned by telegram the fate of those who followed the Angel of Light. They found the City of False Illumination enclosed by high walls. They lost their true spiritual enjoyment. The Angel endeavored to counterfeit the joy of the Holy Ghost, and some did not awake from the delusion until the dying hour. Others soon discovered the trap into which they had been lured, and would have returned, but the gates were well guarded. They might by persevering effort have escaped, but it required great humiliation. Those who grew too restless were removed to lower parts of the city. The upper portion was reserved mostly for new victims. This deceiver did not visit any but the Celestial Road. He knew other lines did not reach the City of God, and there was no need of his troubling their passengers. There were no revivals in this city, and no accessions only from the Celestial Line. Many under the garb of religion became the devoted servants of Satan. The Guide-Book said, “The backslider in heart shall be filled with his own ways,” and these poor souls realized this prediction to its full extent.

What multitudes to-day, who once were humble and teachable followers of Christ, now are filled with pride and self-exaltation, while professing as much grace as ever. In the lower part of this city

was a great gulf into which Angel of Light hurled many of his victims. Here he would drop his snowy wings, and standing before his victims in his true colors, would drive them into the fearful gorge. Across the chasm, on a large wall, were inscribed in flaming letters these words, "Never accept the voice of a man or an angel when it disagrees with the Word of the Lord."

XX.

LOOK OUT MOUNTAIN.

This was composed of solid rock. King David in passing called it, "the rock that is higher than I." It had been up grade all the way, but the train now began to make a steeper ascent. It moved, however, with the same ease it did when leaving the City of Sin. As a traveler up the mountain side is able at each succeeding step to take in a wider range of objects, so the pilgrims to the Holy City could see farther over the landscape the nearer they approached their eternal home. They heard the sound of singing and then remembered that the Guide-Book said, "Let the inhabitants of the Rock sing, let them shout from the top of the mountain." Reaching a high elevation the train stopped and the passengers were permitted to take a view of the grand scenery. No enchanted ground here. They had left that far below. At their right, masses of rock rose in awful grandeur. Below them on the left were clear rivers and streams, and beautiful hills and valleys.

The mountain air was bracing to the pilgrims, and heavenly breezes fanned their brow. In advance and far above them lay the City of God in

all its glory and grandeur. Between them and it was the Valley of the Shadow of Death. With field glasses they could see the angels on the walls beckoning them onward. The traveler can tell when he is approaching a city by the glimmer of light above it at night, or the smoke hovering over it by day. Above the City of God was no cloud of smoke, but a halo of divine glory. The shekeinah was there. The spires and domes glittered in the eternal brightness. The inhabitants of Look Out Mountain said that the golden light was always above the city. The Guide-Book declared, "And there shall be no night there, and they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light." (Rev. xxii. v.) The inhabitants also declared that no one could tell how high the Rock of Ages extended at their right. They told the passengers no mathematician had ever calculated its elevation. Pure Heart, who was an old resident, said to the passengers, "Unless you can tell us the height of the love, mercy, and justice of God, we cannot tell you the height of this mass of towering grandeur. When you have ascertained how far man has wandered from God, when you have measured the depths of human depravity, aye, when you are able to tell the distance from the twelve gates of pearl St. John saw on the Isle of Patmos, down to the massive iron gates of hell, then, and not till then, can we tell the height of this Rock at your right. We know it reaches beyond the eagle's flight. Job said, 'There is a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen ; the lion's whelps have not trodden it, the fierce lion hath not passed by it.' It is so high that death

and lost spirits cannot scale it. Angel of Light has tried to go over it and failed. It reaches 'far above all principality and power, and might and dominion and every name that is named not only in this world but also in that which is to come.' (Eph. i. 21.) In this mountain we are above the guilt of our sins. Yea, above the inbred corruption of our souls. Certain plants and animals cannot live in a high atmosphere. If taken there they soon die. The soil and atmosphere are not congenial to their growth. Here are spiritual altitudes where the plants of sinful pride, envy, hatred and jealousy cannot live. The air is too pure. It is too near heaven. Up here are the Highlands of Full Salvation. Here is the purified Christian's dwelling place. During the summer's heat, the pleasure seekers leave the cities and go into the mountain resorts to be refreshed ; but as soon as the cool breezes of autumn begin to blow they repack their large trunks and return to the city for the winter. Why ? Because December on the Mountain of Pleasure is not as pleasant as May. The soul that journeys into the region of holiness need not return when the cold and the storm come. The sanctified heart finds happiness here all the year round. Here the Christian escapes many of the storms that sweep in fury below, and when the tempest does come he catches the first riftings of the cloud before those in the valley, and prepares for it, and after it has passed, on him the first rays of the sun must fall. Sometimes pilgrims tremble on this rock, but it never trembles under them. The tempest of wrath that is coming bye and bye will sweep the valleys of Sodom and Gomorrah, but will not disturb the people along this route.

In the day of judgment God will not soil his chariot wheels by driving down into the City of Sin after his saints, but will send his chariot along the heights of the Rock of Ages for those who have traveled thither. From the spot where this train stands, Enoch and Elijah were translated, going above the Valley of the Shadow of Death."

Here heavenly breezes fanned the brow of the passengers, and the air became fragrant with the blossoms of Paradise.

Looking back they beheld, far in the distance, immense clouds of black smoke. Tranquil asked the conductor what it meant. Said he, "It is the City of Sin on fire ; their cup of iniquity is full, and their day of doom is come."

The passengers on the Celestial Line had sent their treasures on before where they could not be burned.

On the train sped through Praise Land, the passengers singing a "new song, even praise unto the Lord." Thankfulness is nearly a level land, but praise is the mountain summit. The Pharisee could stand on the corner of the street and say, "Oh God, I thank thee I am not as other men are," but it takes a soul redeemed by the blood of the Lamb to praise the Great I Am.

XXI.

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

This valley lay just without the Celestial City. It was not a gloomy place to the pilgrim. The sting of death, which is sin, had been removed from their hearts. The true Christian is the only

individual who can afford to close his eyes upon things visible, and he could not afford to leave this world if it were not that he opens his eyes upon a grand and eternal panorama in the world to come. He can with composure see his earthly house blown down, since the promise remains that he shall have part in the first resurrection.

The brilliant light, beyond the valley, and over the Holy City, encouraged the passengers' faith. The train passed noiselessly through the narrow defile leading up to this valley. Earthly sounds recede from the ear, heavenly music is heard just beyond. The sun is veiled from sight. There is the sound of gurgling waters. It is the murmur of Jordan's cold and sullen stream. The train moved on over a majestic bridge, built upon rocky piers. The spray came up from the river on either side, enveloping the train. The passengers felt the damp, the chill, but the cars moved on in safety; the shadow of death passed over them, but it was only a shadow. The pilgrims were now rapidly approaching the "walls great and high." From the River Jordan a cloud of glory settled down over the train, while an angel went in advance singing, "Lift up your heads O ye gates, and be lifted up ye everlasting doors, and admit this company of blood-washed pilgrims from the City of Sin."

The gates opened wide, the train passed through in triumph and was saluted first by the great Redeemer of men, the builder of the road, who henceforth in a deeper sense than ever before should be to them "the chief among ten thousand and the one altogether lovely." Alighting, they received

their crowns, their palms, and commenced the song of "Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb." Their dangers over, their trials passed, forever shut in with the Lord, Amen, so let it be.

THE END.

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